CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 21 1963

MACLEAN'S

15¢



Toby Robins and Bill Freedman:

the happy problems of success

ORGANIZED CRIME'S GRIP ON ONTARIO

Mariposa 1963: 20,000 songsters

have themselves a three-day blast



MACLEAN'S REPORTS

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 21, 1963 VOLUME 76 NUMBER 18

THE TRIAL OF MADELEINE SHERWOOD: why Canada's best Broadway actress took a Freedom Walk to jail

MADELEINE SHERWOOD, the Broadway actress from Montreal recently spent a few long, cool days in the Laurentians with her mother, who is seventy and purely. Miss Sherwood was trying to forget, for a little while anyway, the heat and smell of a county in Alabama where she'd spent the most depressing days and frightening moments of her life.

She was the single white woman among a dozen antisegregation demonstrators who were arrested last May 19 on a dusty shoulder of Highway 11 in Alabama, their crime was taking the first few steps of a 275-mile Freedom Walk to Jackson, Miss. Miss Sherwood went to jail for a couple of days, got out on $300 bail, had two postponements of her trial and finally, on August 12, was found guilty of breaking a two-year old Alabama law that forbids "outrageous assembly" which might result in a breach of peace. Judge Cyril L. Smith, sitting in Etowah County Court, sentenced her to six months' hard labor but, though Miss Sherwood says she is ready, she may not have to serve it (she's out now on $1,000 bail). Her part in the troubles of Etowah County is an intentional challenge to the validity of the law she broke. Her lawyer, Fred Gray of Montgomery, is appealing the case to the higher courts of Alabama and, if necessary, to the Supreme Court of the United States. Gray is a Negro.

BETWEEN MONTREAL AND GADSDEN, ALA.

In Canada, Miss Sherwood is curiously unremembered but she may be the best Canadian actress in the States. She is five-foot-two-and-a half, a honey blonde. Her eyes are wide apart, her mouth is broad and both her nose and her acting have a pugnacious style. Her first Broadway success was in *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller, she played Abigail, the hellish young witch hunter of Salem, and showed the force of a young Tallulah Bankhead. That was ten years ago. She had already been in—and out of—a teenage marriage. She'd had a daughter, Chloe, now eighteen. She'd hitchhiked from Montreal to New York, slept two nights on a stone bench outside the New York Public Library and worked as a coat model, hatcheck girl, salesgirl and cigarette girl. *The Crucible* changed all that. She played later in both the Broadway and Hollywood productions of Tennessee Williams' *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (she was nasty, grasping Mae) and *Sweet Bird of Youth* (she was promiscuous Miss Lucy). Miss Sherwood, who takes her work with awful seriousness, is worried about being typecast as The Unsavory Southern Belle, so she's been trying new things at Lee Strasberg's Actors Studio. What she learned there about relaxing under tension was comforting this summer in the street dramas of Etowah County.

THE MARTYRDOM OF WILLIAM L. MOORE

Early in May Miss Sherwood reported to the New York office of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) and signed up as an integration demonstrator. Only her daughter and a close friend in New York knew what she was doing. Miss Sherwood was repelled partly by the Negro children who faced Birmingham's dogs and hoses, and partly by the murder on April 23 of Baltimore postman William L. Moore. Moore, a white man, had covered ninety miles of a personal Freedom Walk from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Jackson, Miss., when he was hit by two .22-calibre bullets—one in the neck, the other in the left temple—near a hamlet called Attalla in Alabama. A motorist found him still enfolded in his placards: EAT AT JOE'S, BOTH BLACK AND WHITE — EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL, MISSISSIPPI OR BUST. CORE told Miss Sherwood it would hold a memorial service at the spot where Moore died and then start a new march to Jackson. They'd probably be arrested.

"I told them it scared me," she says. "They gave me half a day to think it over."

She thought it over and in the second week of May arrived in an old CORE station wagon at the Chattanooga home of the Rev. Cordell Sloan, a blind Negro minister. At Sloan's home CORE workers put her and twenty other new volunteers through a three-day course in how to be a nonviolent demonstrator. She learned the importance of holding her tongue under provocation ("I'd always wanted to get back at anyone who tried to hurt me. I've always been rebellious by nature.") She learned to curl up, with her arms behind her neck, if the police drew their night-sticks. She learned to tuck inside her brassiere a toothbrush, and a dime for a phone call, because when the police dragged her in she might lose her handbag. (When the time came, she did lose it.)

Some CORE demonstrators who'd already tried a march from Moore's deathplace were in jail in Gadsden, the seat of Etowah County, so Miss Sherwood and the others drove there to stand vigil. The temperature in Gadsden that day was 105. Police told them not to walk with their signs and some Gadsden men gave the CORE people a bitter razzing. "I was terrified," Miss Sherwood recalls. "I didn't move. I just stood there looking at the jail." Her companions were black and white. They hung around Gadsden for a week stunning the local Negroes by chatting together in the streets. Every night, they promoted civil rights meetings and by the time they left, Gadsden was on its way to becoming a little Birmingham. Now, it's one of those small, violent places that are scattered so freely through the South that Canadian newspapers have quit trying to report their separate outbreaks. Hundreds of Negroes gather for demonstrations in downtown Gadsden and hundreds go to jail. Police have used electric cattle-prodders to control the crowds and three civil-rights workers have been badly beaten.

On Sunday, May 19, Miss Sherwood, the other demonstrators and some Gadsden people drove the ten miles to Attalla to remember William Moore. (According to Miss Sherwood, police had told reporters and television crews the memorial service was all over.) At first, they couldn't find the spot they wanted. "Somebody had cleared the picnic area that used to be there," Miss Sherwood says. "They'd even cut down a tree that stood near the spot and covered the stump with brush. But there was still a bloodstain on the pavement." Police arrested the drivers of three carloads of people for making illegal turns on the highway.

THE ARMS OF THE LAW WERE SURPRISINGLY GENTLE

The police ignored the service but when it was over and twelve CORE people started to walk toward Jackson, they moved in. "There were twelve or fourteen carloads of them and nobody knew whether there'd be brutality," Miss Sherwood says. "I was scared stiff. I walked four steps and was arrested." The police had to lift the demonstrators, who insistently went limp in the pacifist way. (One trooper, carrying Miss Sherwood asked sadly, "Lift lady, you *sure* you can't walk?") They were not rough. "I think they'd been warned to be careful," Miss Sherwood says. "Anyway they were very gentle in their approach to me."

continued overleaf

A KIND OF FULFILLMENT ON THE ROAD TO AN ALABAMA JAILHOUSE



Gadsden is proud of its new county jail. It's featured on postcards sold in the town. Miss Sherwood being white and female got her own cell. Its furniture was a cot and toilet paper. She stayed there two days and joined two others on a hunger strike. ("It wasn't too difficult once you'd seen the food.") Then she got out on bail, visited Birmingham, where she heard Martin Luther King calm a group of Negro schoolchildren, and went home to her flat in Greenwich Village.

Miss Sherwood is getting to know the Etowah County courthouse. She went back for one postponement and again for the trial itself. She's learned that there are three lavatories in the building: one for men, one for women, and one for male and female Negroes. August 12—the day Judge Smith found her guilty—was so hot she drank three bottles of pop. Miss Sherwood detests pop but one courthouse drinking fountain is marked WHITE and the other COLORED so she boycotted them both.

She'll be in Alabama again when her case goes to the appeal court this fall. In the meantime, between eating and looking for a starring part in a musical comedy, she's been out with CORE pickets to protest discrimination in the building trades unions in New York. One of her reasons for going south in the first place was to find out what she could do about civil rights in New York City, where some of her best friends are Negroes. But there are other and older reasons why Madelene Sherwood has impelling convictions about civil rights. She traces them to her mother — whose advice about turning the other cheek she rejected till she heard it again in Chattanooga — and to her mother's father, who was a doctor, professor and Protestant minister. She got a lot of Bible talk when she was growing up in Montreal. She was scared in Alabama, but says now that next to the birth of Chloe Etowah County was "the fullest experience of my life."

HARRY BRUCE



BACKSTAGE IN OTTAWA

PETER C. NEWMAN

This fall, more than ever, we're an economic satellite of the U. S.

ANY LINGERING DOUBTS that Canada has become an economic dependency (if not a satellite) of the United States were irrevocably removed by the events of the summer. Walter Gordon completed what John Diefenbaker began: the demonstration to the U. S. state department of just how shaky our economic position has become. The Americans have placed us on notice that from now on Canada's welfare depends on their tolerance.

Walter Gordon's humiliating retreat from his attempt to repatriate the economy through the budget was followed by President Kennedy's announcement of his interest-equalization tax to trim the U. S. balance of payments deficit. Despite the Pearson government's success in getting some exemptions from this tax, our access to foreign capital — on which our prosperity directly depends — has now been removed from the free play of supply and demand. Instead, the total value of new securities Canada can float in the U. S. will be controlled by the American president (U. S. Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon has intimated that an annual $400 to $500 million might be a tolerable level; in the first *half* of 1963 Canadian securities floated in the U. S. amounted to $607 million.)



From now on, our loans depend on their mood

Dillon's announcement so shook international investors that the Bank of Canada's foreign exchange reserves dropped $110 million in two days to cover the immediate outflow of money. Only the Americans granting of limited exemptions on new securities issues averted another emergency devaluation of the Canadian dollar and a currency crisis.

At the moment, Ottawa doesn't foresee a repetition of the exchange emergency of spring 1962. For one thing, the Bank of Canada's exchange stabilization fund reserves are more than $2.5 billion dollars higher than they were then, and standby credits have been firmly established. Also, the dollar, at its fixed rate of $.925 U. S., is easier to defend than it was at its floating rate.

But there are at least four indications of danger in our current situation and they're being watched with a sense of wartime urgency:

■ The capital inflow into Canada is being reversed by the accelerating rate at which Canadian investors are buying American securities as a hedge against a further drop in our dollar. At the same time, the Kennedy tax has severely reduced American buying of our securities.

■ The outflow of dividends from U. S. subsidiaries in Canada is increasing significantly, and many companies are moving out some of their reserves as well. No matter how clumsy Walter Gordon's repatriation attempts may have been, the financial advisers to these firms feel he clearly demonstrated his government's nationalistic intentions. They don't want to be caught with reserves frozen here.

■ The international investment community is as disillusioned with the Pearson government as it was with Diefenbaker's. It's grown bearish on Canada itself, since no other administration is in prospect to handle the nation's affairs.

■ The stock markets of Canada have, as a direct result of the Kennedy tax, lost their ability to help improve our balance of payments relationship with the U. S. This point is most essential because, until the Kennedy tax, Canada's current account deficit (the difference between our obligations and purchases of all types abroad) was showing considerable improvement. It decreased from $1,500 million in 1959 to $848 million in 1962, with commodity trade its most buoyant factor.

Although almost everyone who knows much about the economy agrees that our most compelling task of the moment is to find a quick way to reduce the deficit even further, the approach itself hasn't been settled. A return to a floating exchange rate has been discussed, and so has the imposition of import controls during currency flights. At the far-out edge of the suggestions is one that, though the price is high, would solve our balance of payment deficit once and for all: currency union with the U. S. This would involve the integration of the Bank of Canada with the U. S. federal reserve system and the elimination of the Canadian dollar. At the moment, this kind of cure is still being treated as a joke.

At a more practical level, the government is trying to solve our balance of trade problem by forcing Canadian companies in major industries to sell more of their finished products abroad and import fewer of their raw materials and parts from the U. S. This approach is based on the national oil policy as expressed in 1961 by George Hees, then the minister of trade and commerce. Hees virtually ordered the Canadian petroleum industry to expand its output (at the expense of imported crude oil) from 550,000 barrels a day in 1960 to 800,000 barrels a day by 1963. He made it clear that if this target weren't met, the government through the National Energy Board would slap on import restrictions and insist on the construction of an oil pipeline to Montreal. The threats worked. Domestic oil production passed 800,000 barrels a day this year.

Walter Gordon subscribed to a similar policy for the auto industry even before the Liberals had been elected. He pointed out last February that Canada imported $360 million in auto parts in 1961, and said "it would not be unreasonable" to expect the industry to reduce such imports by a half to two thirds in two years. This is the approach now being taken (see *Business* Maclean's Reviews, page 67). The idea will also be applied to other major Canadian industries, notably the electrical, electronics, chemical and fine paper businesses. The result of all this, the government planners hope, will be a big reduction in—perhaps even the elimination of — Canada's trading deficit. But in fact, it may also be the establishment of a limited free-trade area between Canada and the United States.



OVERSEAS REPORT

BLAIR FRASER

When East meets West over an African cocktail, someone's sure to pull a rock

MY FIRST INTRODUCTION to the oddities of Africa came before I had even set foot on that continent. At the airport in Rome en route to Kenya I was introduced to an African MP and we invited him to join us in a glass of beer. The MP said he didn't want beer, thought he'd prefer whisky. "Have you any John Walker?"

The waiter said he had, but meanwhile plunked down a glass with three ice cubes in it. The MP registered extreme horror. "Take away that ice," he cried indignantly, and as the waiter slunk away to get the whisky the MP said to us, "What a bloody American custom!"

Back came the waiter with the whisky. "Water or soda, sir?"

"Have you any orange crush?" said the MP.

Visibly shaken, the waiter filled the glass with orange crush. We were a bit shaken our-



A sporting element at an African cocktail party

selves, but I trust it wasn't visible. If it had been we would have given grave and deep offense. One of the dearest beliefs of free Africa is an instant *savoir faire*.

In Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika, an ambassador's wife was asked by a junior cabinet minister if she would organize some informal classes for the wives of Tanganyikan diplomats and teach them the niceties of Western deportment — how to set a formal dinner table, etc. The ambassador's wife happily agreed and set about inviting her African acquaintances to small coffee parties for the purpose. But when the project came to the ears of more senior cabinet members it was sternly forbidden. African wives had no need to learn European frippery, the ambassador's wife was told. They had their own code of formal behavior which was better than the European one, and besides they knew all about European protocol already.

TWO WAYS TO HANDLE THE DINNER PROBLEM

One result of this mixture of folkways is to introduce a sporting element into social events in Africa. The hostess is never quite sure how many guests will turn up for dinner. The number who accept often fail to match the number who actually arrive. The usual routine for dealing with this problem is to give everybody another drink thirty to forty-five minutes after the hour mentioned in the invitation, and wait for another half hour. If by then several guests have still not appeared, the rest go in to dinner. Some brave hosts take a few leaves out of the table, so the dinner party looks as if it were complete. But there is always the possibility that some or all of the other guests will turn up two hours late. The more prudent course is to seat everyone in front of his own place card and leave empty chairs here and there like missing pickets in a fence.

But at cocktail parties there is no way of telling how many more have been invited and this sometimes leads visitors into false inferences. If you go to an official reception and observe that there are fifty or a hundred white faces in the room and only half a dozen black, your first thought is: "Ah, these diplomats haven't learned a thing — they still behave as if the whites were running Africa." It's only later and perhaps by chance you learn that fifty Africans were invited and accepted, but only half a dozen came.

I did hear of one case though where the confusion wasn't the fault of the guests. An ambassador in Accra recently held a large reception from six to eight o'clock. By half past six there was a traffic jam in his driveway, so he told his doorman to go out and ask the guests not to drive all the way up to the entrance but to leave their cars outside — there were too many cars in the driveway already.

No sooner had he done this than the flow of arriving guests stopped altogether. Nobody else came at all. Puzzled, the ambassador sent an aide out to see if anything was holding them up. The aide found the faithful doorman standing at the gate like Horatius, making shooing gestures at everyone who approached and shouting, "Go home — go home — ambassador say go home. Too many people already — you go home."

The ambassador hopes that by now he has managed to find all his rejected guests and explain what happened — but he will never be quite sure.



U. S. REPORT

IAN SCLANDERS

Legal lotteries, state bookies are hot U. S. issues. They could spread north

THE MUCH PUBLICIZED REVELATIONS of Joseph Valachi, the murderer and dope peddler who has been telling U. S. authorities about the inner workings of the rackets, have given new ammunition to the people behind a movement for government-operated sweepstakes and off-track betting shops. If this movement succeeds in the U. S. — and it has a good chance — there could be developments in Canada too. Canadians will probably then, want to take a new look at the whole question of sweepstakes, bingos and bookies.

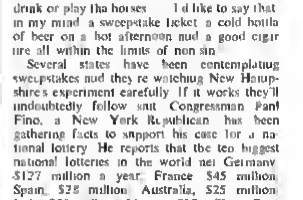
Valachi's sensational singing, more than anything in years, is making Americans aware that organized crime is one of the unpleasant facts of the life and economy of the United States. Indeed, it is being referred to as the country's biggest business — this in shocked tones — and widely printed estimates put the gross annual income of organized crime, the Mafia (the syndicate Cosa Nostra ["our thing"]) or what ever you care to call it at more than forty billion dollars a year or ten percent of the national income. If crooks raked in ten per cent of Canada's annual income they'd get roughly three billion dollars.

The point seized by the U. S. champions of state sweepstakes or lotteries, and of government-run off-track betting, is that gambling appears to be the foundation of the crime empire. Gambling, to today's mobsters is said to be what bootlegging was to mobsters in the prohibition era. There's an inevitable parallel: just as it was impossible to enforce unpopular anti-drinking laws so it is impossible to enforce unpopular anti-gambling laws. All that such laws really accomplish, according to their opponents, is the stimulation of crime through increased profits for criminals. Certainly there are enough bookie joints in U. S. cities — and in Canadian cities — to lend credibility to the claim. Nobody I know ever had to travel very far to lay a bet on a horse race. The argument for government-run off-track betting goes this way: it would eliminate illegal bookmaking, reduce attempts (some successful) to bribe police and politicians by gambling interests, and channel into schools and hospitals the billions now flowing untaxed into the pockets of hoodlums.

It's argued, too, that government sweepstakes or lotteries would curtail illegal games like the numbers racket by offering people a legitimate outlet for their urge to gamble, and would be a painless way to raise money for public works. One state, New Hampshire, will have legal sweepstakes in 1964 — the first in the U. S. in seventy years. The Act under which they'll be held — there will be two a year — has already been passed by the legislature and signed by the governor, John King. The tickets, at three dollars each, will be sold through the stores of the New Hampshire Liquor Commission. The prize money will depend on how many tickets are sold, and what's scooped off by the government will be handed on to cities and towns for school construction.

Governor King has little patience with New Hampshire puritans who use the words "sin tax" to describe all revenue from alcohol, tobacco and racetracks and, of course, the anticipated revenue from sweepstakes. "The plain truth is that we could not run New Hampshire without these so-called sin taxes," he says. "They pay the state's bills. They also introduce an element of choice into taxation. No ordinary person can escape a sales tax or an income tax, but he can choose not to smoke, drink or play the horses. I'd like to say that in my mind a sweepstake ticket, a cold bottle of beer on a hot afternoon and a good cigar are all within the limits of non-sin."

Several states have been contemplating sweepstakes and they're watching New Hampshire's experiment carefully. If it works they'll undoubtedly follow suit. Congressman Paul Fino, a New York Republican, has been gathering facts to support his case for a national lottery. He reports that the ten biggest national lotteries in the world are: Germany, $127 million a year; France, $45 million; Spain, $28 million; Australia, $25 million; Italy, $38 million; Mexico, $15 million; Sweden, $31 million; Czechoslovakia, $27 million;



If crime lives off gambling, why not the state?

Poland, $18 million; and Venezuela, $19 million. Ireland, surprisingly, is not among the top ten, although the Irish sweepstakes for hospitals have the most ticket-buyers — and get the most publicity—in the U. S. and Canada.

The movement toward government-*off* track betting has formidable support from Mayor Robert Wagner of New York City. He recently sent two investigators to study off-track betting in New Zealand, Australia, Britain and France. The speaker of the New York State Assembly, Joseph Carlino, who strongly opposes off-track betting in New York, had already sent two men to make a report for him on British betting. They found that Britain was betting about $2,500 million a year on horses and reported that they thought there'd been "an even all wholesale increase in betting and gambling" after Britain legalized off-track

Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

betting in 1960. They added that merchants had encountered new trouble collecting debts because Britons with small incomes were playing the horses off the tracks.

Wagner hopes his own pair of investigators will reinforce with a more favorable report. One of his associates, New York City Comptroller Abraham Beame, estimates that the city and New York State are each losing $100 million a year in taxes because they have no legal off-track betting. Wagner and Beame believe New Yorkers are betting all they want off the tracks anyway; only right now it's illegal and the city can't get at the money. In a referendum in November, Wagner will ask New Yorkers to authorize him to appoint a seven-man committee to prepare a plan for off-track betting. The voters' decision will certainly carry weight with the state legislature, and the city plans to introduce an off-track betting bill there next year.

Quebec, which has wanted sweepstakes and lotteries for several years and where illegal lotteries are said to be a $25 million-a-year business in Montreal alone, will presumably be watching New Hampshire to see how it does with state sweepstakes. And Ontario, where only two years ago a provincial inquiry into organized gambling recommended government-run off-track betting shops, will be watching Mayor Wagner's adventures with the New York state legislature.

THE PRESS

Joe Azaria: the man from Bagdad who runs Canada's rawest scandal sheet

ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL newspaper stories to come out of the Profumo scandal turned up this summer in a Montreal weekly tabloid called *Midnight*. The headline read: MY WEEKEND WITH CHRISTINE and the story was ostensibly by Douglas Fairbanks Jr. (as told to Donald Cole). In the next two issues of *Midnight*, Cole, who is an English free-lance writer according to *Midnight*'s editor, told readers what was in "Mandy's Secret Diary" and revealed that Christine Keeler had told him, "I'm tired of all this dirty sex. I'll marry the first guy who'll take me." The *Midnight* stories have already inspired one lawsuit. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. hired a Montreal law firm to sue *Midnight* for $250,000 for libel and damages. In filing their suit, the lawyers said Fairbanks had never even met *Midnight*'s Donald Cole, "if indeed any such person exists."

Midnight is one of those pulp weeklies that thrive on stories of sex and human freaks. When they can combine the two — as *Midnight* did recently with a story about a five-year-old Peruvian girl who gave birth to a boy — they are especially noisy. *Midnight* used its entire front page to display the story although, as it admitted well inside the paper, the event had taken place in 1959. In 1960, Montreal judge Henri Monty fined a news vendor $500 for selling copies of *Midnight* and said, "There is no doubt in my mind that this is the type of publication that federal legislators wanted to drive out the newsstands when they amended (in 1958) the Criminal Code statute concerning obscenity."

Monty's ruling didn't affect *Midnight* itself and didn't bother its editor Joe Azaria. Azaria is a thirty-four-year-old Arab from Bagdad. He founded *Midnight* ten years ago and runs it with his own theory of journalism. "There are too many stuffy newspapers around," he says. "They fail sadly to cater to the average person and his needs in this ever-changing society. I think such things as homosexuality, incest, rape and deviation should be exposed to the public, not to hurt the parties involved but to protect people."

Azaria's idea of what the public should know comes under headlines like these: MAN WHO TURNED INTO WOMAN ANNOUNCES HE'S PREGNANT! ... MINISTER'S WIFE IS A STRIPPER ... THE WILD BOHEMIAN CAPERS OF AMERICA'S ART SCHOOLS. In his early days, Azaria sold his paper only in Montreal and printed only local stories. But now that he peddles *Midnight* across Canada and in forty-six states, he buys stories from free-lancers and syndicates all over the world. "Some of the stuff we use, nobody else would," he says. "So we wind up with an exclusive."

EDITORIAL

The only thing the pension squabble needs is a plan for a decent pension

THE POLITICAL YARD gained by every new step in our slow march toward social justice is taken for granted by most voters and all politicians. Mackenzie King say, may have used the baby bonus to buy votes in Quebec, but at the same time parents everywhere else got their cheques, too. In the same way, when the present exchanges over public pension schemes are resolved, most of us will almost certainly get the advantages, whatever they turn out to be, of a government-sponsored pension plan. No doubt experts in and out of the government service will judge wisely the relative merits of the positions adopted by Mr. Bennett, Mr. Roberts and Mr. Lesage — to name just the early comers to the dispute — vis-à-vis Miss LaMarsh and the federal scheme. But what interests us even more than the interesting question of which politician will get his way is the extent to which all the contending politicians now appear to be more concerned with the politics of the debate than they are with extending social justice, which is what a government pension scheme is all about.

The matter of which level of government will have jurisdiction over public pension funds is important, of course — possibly even half as important as the provincial premiers are making it out to be — but what really matters is that any scheme that finally becomes law should guarantee to every Canadian an income in retirement that will support him in decency. Nobody has ever claimed that it is possible to live in decency on the present universal old-age pension of sixty-five dollars a month. But the most striking element of the controversy over how to design a new contributory scheme is that the most generous of the competing designs — the federal one — seems to suggest that it is possible to live in decency on $111.40 a month. This is the amount the federal plan as it is now designed would pay a man who retired at sixty-five after contributing for ten or more years on an income of $3,600 a year. This is better than sixty-five dollars, all right, but it falls absurdly short of what it takes to support life in Canada decently in 1963, let alone the amount it will probably take by 1973. Yet in the weeks since government pensions became a strident issue there has been no debate over this, an important defect in all the contending schemes.

They are all designed to be fully effective only if the pensioner retires at seventy. (The man cited above, if he contributed for another five years, would receive $165 a month. The difference between this and $111.40 is just about the margin between self-respect and scrabbling.) There is a curious, even pig-headed, and entirely political disregard here for one of the most obvious facts of life in contemporary Canada: the standard term of employment in our wage-earning economy is until the age of sixty-five, when all but a small and in a sense privileged minority of employees are retired whether they like it or not. Yet our elected representatives, in both the federal parliament and those provincial parliaments that have so far published the details of separate contributory pension schemes of their own, are proposing legislation designed to penalize men and women who are retired at sixty-five.

The legislation is so designed, of course, to hold down the cost of providing pensions and thereby avoid price resistance among the customers in this case the electorate. This is a respectable enough motive, but it is hardly sufficient reason to make whatever legislation we finally adopt self-defeating. And as the various contributory government pension schemes are now framed they *are* largely self-defeating for anybody who faces retirement when he is sixty-five. Before the pension debate is resolved in legislation, we believe the contending politicians would be playing good politics by backing up for another look at the principle of social justice, which is where the debate began. A seventy-year-old's claim to this kind of justice is no greater, though no less, than a sixty-five-year-old's, but far more voters face retirement when they're sixty-five.

KEN LEFOLII

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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE September 21 1963 VOLUME 76 NUMBER 18

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SEPTEMBER 21, 1963

Why are so many promising men "failures" at thirty?

men who think that success is only a matter of "a few years" are failures . . . whatever their age!


1 "The most dangerous enemy of present progress in business is complacency."


2 "Continuing learning from job to job adds nothing of value to one's experience."


3 "We think we've learned over the years the secret of succeeding while you're still young."


4 "And we'll be very happy to pass along our suggestions to anybody who is genuinely ambitious."

By James M. Jenks

MOST BUSINESS LEADERS agree that the 5 years from thirty to forty are the decisive ones for young men who hope to become major executives.

Often they're spent orienting themselves to the commercial world—experimenting, searching, changing from one kind of business to another...or from department to department.

But when a man reaches thirty, he should surely know where he plans to go. And he should begin to take definite steps in that direction. Otherwise, he risks the danger of moving about aimlessly for the rest of his working days.

Why do so many promising men fail to solve this elementary question of direction? Why do they waste so much precious time switching jobs and objectives until all hope of success has passed them by? The answer quite simply lies in their refusal to face a question which is fundamental to the progress of every businessman:

"How important are the rewards of success will bring to me and my family? Am I willing to sacrifice a great deal of time to devote myself wholeheartedly to my job and to work hard in order to make—not just a living—but a substantial success?"

We try never to influence a man's thinking on this question. The answer must come from within himself.

It would of course be unrealistic not to recognize that success in business demands its price. Top management men are required to shoulder burdensome responsibilities—to work abnormally long hours—to spend less time with their families than they would like.

Further, *not everybody* has the native ability, the vision and the "drive" to be a leader.

Then each man should take a hard objective look at himself—and come to an honest conclusion as to what his goal in business should be.

If you are ambitious, have at least average ability and intelligence, and look upon business as an exciting challenge rather than as drudgery — the Alexander Hamilton Institute can provide you with expert guidance and counsel.

The Institute, while functioning in much the same way as the home study Extension Divisions of our great universities, is geared precisely and practically to the needs of management minded men.

Each day as a subscriber you come a little closer to your chosen goal. You grasp a clearer understanding of the principles which underlie all major departments of business. In a matter of months you learn business practices which would, ordinarily, take years to master.

Send for Your Copy of "Forging Ahead in Business"

Many years ago, the Institute published an unusual little book on the subject of personal advancement titled "Forging Ahead in Business." It was offered without cost to ambitious businessmen—and the response was overwhelming.

Each year since then we have made what ever changes were necessary to keep "Forging Ahead in Business" up to date and as refreshingly candid as the first edition.

The latest edition is now off the press and is again being offered with our compliments to anybody who is genuinely interested in improving his position and his income.

The current issue explains why literally thousands of businesses and businessmen fail every year — in time of prosperity as well as depression. It tells what a man must *know*... what he must *do*... to make upwards of $15,000 a year. It lists the eleven essentials of business and shows how they relate to each other.

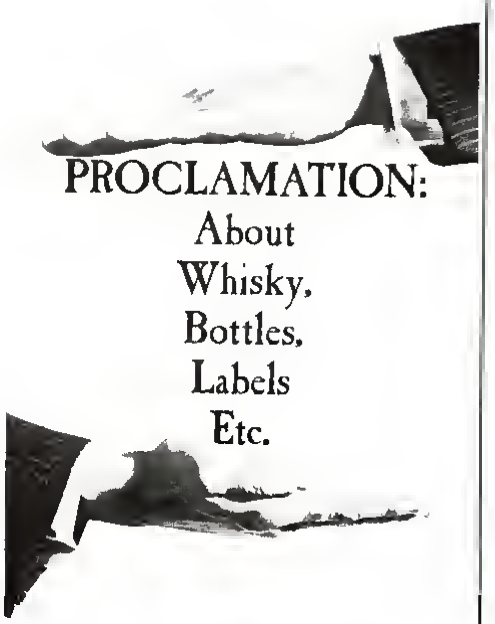
But make no mistake. "Forging Ahead in Business" holds nothing for the man who seeks an easy get-rich formula for success. Its only "magic" lies in the widespread influence it has had in persuading thousands upon thousands of ambitious men to supplement their specialized knowledge with broad training in *all* departments of business.

The booklet is mailed upon request, without cost to you. The price we expect you to pay is the 30 to 60 minutes it will take you to read and absorb its 48-page message.

Its value, of course, depends entirely on what you decide to do with the information in the booklet. If you act while time is still on your side, you may find—as others have found before you—that its pages contain a fortune. Simply fill out and return the coupon below, and the booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

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One day while we were contemplating a number of our Wiser's whiskies in different bottles each with brilliantly individualistic labels we were struck by the absurdity of the whole thing. We are not really selling bottles, or labels just good Wiser's Canadian whisky.

So we decided to select just one good bottle and try it for most of our different brands. We chose our squarish bottle attractive, popular, easy to pack for travelling, in short a delightfully functional bottle.

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MAILBAG

"Freedom" in North America / An expatriate who came back home

Dr. Glenn Sawyer on behalf of the Ontario Medical Association has challenged certain figures about medical insurance in your columns (*Mailbag*, Aug. 10). Dr. Sawyer closes his letter by referring to the "uniquely North American system of budgeting for medical expenses on the basis of personal freedom and individual responsibility." I, as an Englishman, get a little tired of these spurious appeals to so-called "freedom," in a society which is riddled with so many taboos and compulsory conformities. What would happen to a suburbanite who rejected the odd notion that a badge of good citizenship is the all but compulsory drudgery of manicuring his lawn? Or who wanted to build a house in the seaside place for it, namely right on the sidewalk? Freedom, my foot! In what respect is an Englishman or a Swede or a Dutchman less free than a Canadian who has to sign up with Blue Cross or find an employer who runs a group scheme? Having lived with both, I think much of the official medical line over here about freedom is sheer hoohaw. This uniquely North American system, to me simply means that Canada and the U.S. are a generation behind the more advanced democracies of Western Europe. — R. W. C. BRYANT, PIERREFONDS, QUE.

Pioneers against tobacco

A word of commendation for *Maclean's* review of one of the greatest issues of our time — the cigarette disease (*The new assault on smoking*, Aug. 10). Your Harry Bruce is to be congratulated for his article on the growth of public and official awareness of the epidemic-like nicotine problem. It is perhaps a pity though that an recognition was given to the pioneer and continuing efforts in this field by the Non-Smoking Association of Canada or to the contribution of money and other support made by the government of British Columbia through Hon. Eric Martin, health minister, or to the bill put forward at Ottawa by the national organizer of the NSA, Barry Mather, MP for New Westminster, which was given first reading by Commons a few weeks ago. This bill would empower the government to control cigarette packaging, labeling and advertising claims, etc. — DR. WILLIAM D. HOWIE, MT. HAMILTON SOUTH.

Why they go — and why not

While Christina McCall Newman was doing research for her excellent article *The Canadian Americans* (July 27) I was going through the routines she so accurately described. My own decision to leave Canada was made in February of this year. My wife and I sadly regret leaving Canada but we live but one lifetime and we must live it in such a manner that we can look back and say "I have done all I want-ed to do." For this reason I must go where I can work to my greatest capacity. — HAROLD J. PERRINS, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, RESEARCH STATION, LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.



I was disappointed that you did not say more about those of us who have come back. I finally called it quits, voluntarily chucking a top management advisory job in one of the largest U.S. companies. I was sought out for that job. I have to add, and I took it for the experience it would give me. Also, I indicated in my visa application that I did not intend to become an American citizen. And now having lived there for six years and having returned, I wonder if other repatriates have had experiences like mine. How do they compare the Canadian allophy with the American macrocephaly? Canada, vis-à-vis the U.S.A. is supposed to be distinctive enough to display its own form and substance. God knows the U.S.A. makes its identity clear! But today Canada limps along under a nineteenth-century quasi-constitution which lacks adequacy and acceptance, and the U.S.A. dervishes along under its much amended, eighteenth century constitution which is an anachronism. Just look at them! Both are antithetical to the source of their sorts. In my view therefore the southerly migration which your author deplores is from one vacuum to another. (Yet) ill-defined and ill-served as Canada is, I find it easier to face the rest of the world as a Canadian not as an American. Let my American friends and our expatriates make of that what they will. — IONEL J. POWELL, ISLINGTON, ONT.

I wonder if the old saying "You never miss what you never had" doesn't apply here. After all they were nearly all "green" when they left. Not every brain child wants the American way of life. As Christina Newman says, "the drill sedate plodders will stay," and as history has proved these are the kind that have given the world the greatest advances such as TV, radar, the jet engine, telephone, the diesel and steam engine and all our basic medical knowledge. Please don't panic. — R. BELL, CORNWALL, ONT.

continued on page 111



Exclusive Navigator tuning shown actual size on the mighty 21-inch diagonal of RCA Victor 1964 Tablet 9-inch.

Powerhouse

What is it? And what does it do?

The name's Navigator. And it gets the picture. You'll find it only in powerful NEW VISTA TV sets.

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It is a major reason why we say with pride—"1964 NEW VISTA TV sets are the best we've ever built."

Prove it to yourself. See this little powerhouse at work. Compare 1964 NEW VISTA TV to any other, anywhere, on any channel.

COMPARE 1964 NEW VISTA TV

Compare picture—You get the sharpest, brightest picture ever.

Compare Station Reach—No other sets deliver such a strong picture from distant stations.

Compare Dependability—All NEW VISTA sets have Space Age Security Sealed circuit panels, guaranteed for life!

Compare Experience—The experience of 63 years of leadership in radio, black and white and color TV make 1964 NEW VISTA TV the best we've ever made.

Compare Models and Design—See the widest selection ever made available. Note the handsome styling of the Victorcraft cabinetry.



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The Most Trusted Name in Television



You need a thicker cushion, Mr. Mayhue!

Mr. Mayhue was shocked when his creditors wanted to unseat him after one of his key men had died accidentally. He was convinced that he was the only important man in his business. Although things were a bit upset financially, he planned to straighten them out if he could get production started again. Mr. Mayhue hadn't considered that his creditors had financial obligations too.

Mr. Mayhue had been stubborn when his lawyer and his accountant recommended his insurance to cushion the loss of a key man. They tried to show him how a Crown Guaranteed Equity Plan would give him the needed capital to tide the company over the period of doubt that his clients and creditors might have. If any of the best men in the business died prematurely.

One advantage of Crown's G.E.P. is that much of the premium may be carried as working capital on the company's statements.

We suggest that you add a thicker cushion for your business today. Consult with Crown's Guaranteed Equity Plan.

SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE SELECT

CROWN LIFE

CROWN LIFE

MAILBAG

continued from page 8

Sidney Katz's article on behavior therapy *[A new simple faster way to treat mental trouble* July 27] is palpable nonsense and quackery. You will give thousands of sick people false hopes that there are short cuts to mental health. — STEVEN JOHNSON, MONTREAL

● While studying at McGill University two years ago I met a deeply dedicated student of Christian faith for whom homosexuality was an agonizing problem. Some months ago in desperation this student went to a psychiatric clinic where they began experimenting with him using this same "aversion treatment" described in your article. During treatment they would give him strong electrical shocks as he viewed projections of male nudes. From recent information received it is clear this kind of treatment is doing him grave harm, increasing his conflict and desperation to the point I fear he may attempt suicide. I wonder how many other cases there are in which this treatment is actually harmful and dangerous. — REV. DAVID FEARON, CAROL UNITED CHURCH, LABRADOR CITY, NFLD.

● I can testify I have cured my children of various facial ties — by ignoring them. I'm a little worried though. I'm forty pounds overweight and my husband seems terribly interested in the electric shock bit. But he knows absolutely nothing about wiring. So I may be the first woman suffering overweight loss (permanently) by electrocution. — MARGAREY WALLS, MONCTON, N.B.

The ambassador and the OJC

According to your article *OJC: The powerful secret society that pervades French Canada* [June 15] I am a member of this order. This is news to me. I have never belonged to the Ordre de Jacques Cartier and I do not belong today. — JEAN BELCHESI, CANADIAN EMBASSY, MADRID

You CAN beat the system

May we commend Bruce Findlay, the author of *How our children learned French in spite of the school system* [July 27]. This situation parallels that of our family in many respects. Two years ago when my husband earned he was being moved by his company from Montreal to Ontario we transferred our two boys, James and Grant, ages six and eight respectively, from the English Protestant school to a nearby French school with the cooperation of the parish priest and school authorities. Few English-speaking children learn French in Montreal through their normal contacts and our children were no exception. Nevertheless they learned to speak French in school at least sufficiently to be ranked among the upper third of their classes. My husband made the sacrifice of living away from the family during this year in order to make this program possible. We have since moved to Kitchener and the children have completed one year in the public school and both have been placed in accelerated classes indicating satisfactory adjustment. This summer James and Grant have been enrolled in a French camp in the lower St. Lawrence for two weeks in an effort to retain and improve their second language. — MRS. J. G. HAWKINS, KITCHENER, ONT.

● J'ai lu avec beaucoup de sympathie et d'intérêt le récit des efforts des Findlay pour faire apprendre le français à leurs enfants. Ils ont toute mon admiration pour leur humanité et je suis sûr qu'ils n'auront pas à regretter leurs démarches car leurs enfants seront mieux armés pour la vie que leurs compatriotes anglingues. Les difficultés qu'ils ont éprouvées dans le Québec pour faire instruire leurs enfants protestants en français sont réelles, quoique à première vue paradoxales et sont dues au fait que notre système scolaire est double et divisé par la religion plutôt que par la langue. Jusqu'à ces dernières années on considérait que francophone et catholique étaient à toutes fins pratiques équivalents et interchangeables de même que le plupart du temps anglophone et protestant. Mais aujourd'hui il faut reviser ces conceptions qui ne correspondent plus à la réalité, principalement parce qu'une minorité de plus en plus nombreuse se manifeste qui est de langue française mais pas de foi catholique. — BENOIT LAFONTAINE, LA GUADELOUPE, P.Q.

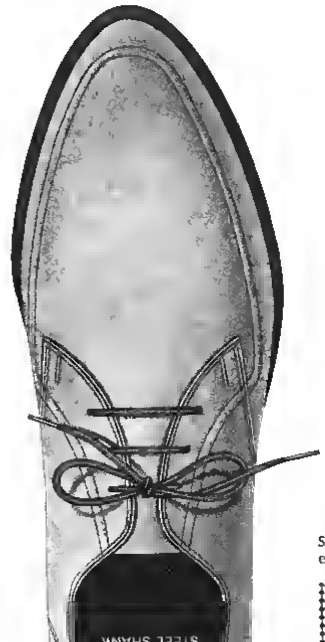
Affirmation from the South

I should like to make comment with regard to two articles in the July 27 *Maclean's*. Firstly, I should like to refer to Robert Fulford's review of James Baldwin and simply say that the Negro society cannot be seen as a singular society. The Negro in Mississippi is as different from the Negro in New York as he is from the Negro in Canada. To say that Baldwin speaks for the American Negro is as unjustified as saying that President Kennedy speaks for all Democrats. Secondly, concerning Ian Sclanders' *U.S. Report*, he describes most accurately the situation which exists in most of Mississippi. I, as Canadian readers might imagine an exaggeration, let me simply state that he reports correctly. As one who lives behind drawn drapes, I find the most amazing aspect of the life of Medgar Evers to be the fact that he could endure for so long a time. That he was shot is not so startling. That he could persevere is astonishing. — THE REV. ROGER GALLAGHER, BILOXI, MISS. ★

What behavior therapy won't do / How to become bilingual

If you want to be sure you're getting genuine Greb Hush Puppies

read the footnote*



*When are Hush Puppies not Hush Puppies? When they are poor imitations. So don't let anyone try to fool you.

You can recognize Hush Puppies because they are made only by Greb. Look for the name Greb on the heel pad. Or:

Next time you're shopping for a light, comfortable, casual shoe, put one foot into an ordinary casual and the other into Hush Puppies. Wriggle your toes. Flex your foot. Take a few steps. Feel the difference? That's Hush Puppies comfort. (Next best thing to going barefoot.) No other shoe has it. Here's why:

Only Greb Hush Puppies are made of pigskin from piglets. They're softer, lighter, more flexible than ordinary shoes. Why use pigskin? Because it's porous. It lets air in but keeps moisture out. And Hush Puppies pigskin is treated with Scotchgard® to resist water. (All you do to clean Hush Puppies is give 'em a fast brush-off.)

Hush Puppies have steel shanks to support the arch of the foot and help retain the shape of the shoe. They are built on a foam crepe sole bonded to the upper. No stitches to come undone. No nails to come loose. You won't find a Hush Puppies sole and upper parting company. Ever.

Hush Puppies are smart enough to be taken anywhere. To the office or to the country. They are available for Men $9.95. Ladies' and Boys' $8.95. And misses $6.95. All sizes.

Ten different colours. Three different widths. Seven different lasts. At better shoe stores everywhere. Look for the doggie in the window.

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I want to be sure I'm getting genuine Hush Puppies. Please send me my Hush Puppies identification kit consisting of: (1) a genuine Hush Puppies hunt pad stamped (as illustrated below) to present to my shoe clerk to chunk the pedigree of his Hush Puppies. (2) a real piece of Hush Puppies pigskin made from piglets. (I can use it to prove Hush Puppies pigskin is porous by breathing through it.) (3) an actual high grade, tempered steel contoured shank (the backbone of Hush Puppies. (I can use it as a paint can lid remover and it has a handy hole in it for hanging it from nails.) (4) A Hush Puppies gleaming pad. Enclosed is ten cents for handling.



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ADL



Canada's only whiskys distilled in the high, dry air of the Rockies



Just think. By this time...



...you'd be there!

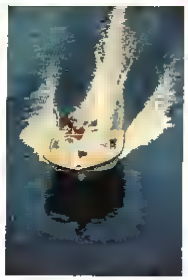
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Between 1958 and 1962 the Mafia took a stranglehold on major crime in Ontario. Then police here and in the U. S. jailed the leaders. But the organization is alive, ready to break out

ORGANIZED CRIME'S GRIP ON ONTARIO

THE MAFIA
PART TWO

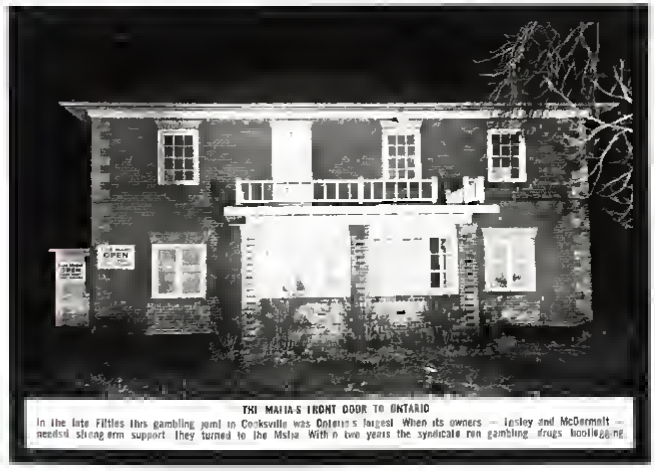
By Alan Phillips

IN MARCH OF THIS YEAR a respected jurist, Justice W. D. Roach, brought down a report on organized crime in Ontario, the result of a royal commission inquiry last year. Its task was to ascertain the facts to arouse or allay concern, and its aim — enlightening the public, not imprisoning offenders — should have permitted those facts to be studied from the broad view of reason rather than the narrow confines of law.

But logic — cause and effect — is what is lacking in this report. Its detail, though incomplete, is clear, its conclusions are incomprehensible. Mr. Justice Roach found no evidence of corruption in the government. He found no organized crime except in gambling. He could find no syndicated crime on evidence "that any of the activities of those engaged in organized crime were in any way associated with the Mafia." He thus reaches conclusions remarkably similar to those of Kelso Roberts, the former attorney-general in the Ontario government which appointed him. Just before the commission was set up, Roberts had stated emphatically that Canada was "comparatively free of organized gangsterism." That linking the Mafia with crime in Ontario was "ignorance and hogwash," and that the Mafia, indeed "was pretty well eliminated in Italy itself" by Mussolini.

The effect of the Roach report then was to allay public concern and this, after fifteen months of investigation by the commissioner and his staff, by a special squad of provincial and federal police, and a dozen lawyers in three political parties, should be but is not the end of it.

As it happens, I had begun this study for *Maclean's* a month before the commission was announced. The announcement prompted in answer our questions for us; we dropped our study. The probe end



THE MAFIA'S FRONT DOOR TO ONTARIO
In the late Fifties this gambling joint in Cooksville was Ontario's largest. When its owners — Insley and McDermott — needed strong-arm support, they turned to the Mafia. Within two years the syndicate ran gambling, drugs, bootlegging

continued overleaf

ORGANIZED CRIME

continued

ed Our questions remained unanswered Once again we began to assemble data The information we have gathered contradicts the assurances held forth by Kelso Roberts and Mr Justice Roach There is evidence of syndicated crime in Ontario There is reason to associate this criminal activity with the Mafia the transplanted secret society that has grown so powerful in Sicily since its elimination by Mussolini that last May the Italian government convened a special anti-Mafia commission There is cause for concern and not only in Ontario A crime syndicate, like its legal business counterpart, is governed by the dynamics of personal ambition and corporate growth Once established it seeks continually to expand

THE NOW FAMOUS 1957 conference of Mafia leaders at Apalachin, New York, had far-reaching consequences for Ontario It was attended by men high in the international drug traffic, and it is the drug traffic — unmentioned in the Roach commission's report — that explains how the crime cartel came to Toronto

The hub of the cartel in the east of North America is the New York-Brooklyn-Jersey complex The leaders or "dons" of these criminal groups control the eastern seaboard They share Miami the middle and far west with two other powerful groups, Detroit's Licavoli syndicate (the former Purple Gang) and Chicago's Accardo syndicate, still known as the Capone mob Since 1952 the eastern hub has held Montreal (*Maclean's* Aug 24) through a Brooklyn syndicate member, Carmine Galente

At the time of the Apalachin conference the ruling don of New York was Vito Genovese a gnome-like, enormously energetic rackets organizer who has escaped the electric chair only through the untimely death of a witness As a wartime black market chief in Italy his assignments for Mussolini included at least one assassination and won him the *Commendatore del Re*, Italy's highest civilian honor He is worth, by reliable estimates, thirty to fifty million dollars. In New Jersey the dominant power at the time was a little-known gangster named Gerardo Catena. In Brooklyn it was the equally unobtrusive Joseph Profaci head of a large cheese and olive-oil company who died last year. Profaci was board chairman of two syndicates, one run by Giuseppe "Joe Bananas" Bonanno once a machine gun runner for the Capone mob in Chicago now a businessman in Brooklyn with a cheese company in Colorado and large real-estate holdings in the midwest.

At that time November 1957 Genovese and Bonanno, with Profaci in the background had the lion's share of the wholesale trade in drugs in North America. Bonanno supplied Chicago, the midwest and parts of New York Genovese supplied New York also the southwest and Detroit

None of Detroit's syndicate leaders attended Apalachin it was a conference called by the seaboard syndicates But Detroit is closely linked to Brooklyn in usury and drugs and just before the conference Big John Ormento, a Genovese lieutenant had talked on the telephone to a leader of the syndicate in Detroit Detroit in 1956 was importing its heroin through Windsor One of Detroit's syndicate directors a young man with widespread business interests, no criminal record and an inherited fortune made in the rackets owned a leading Windsor bakery which trucks bread to Detroit The bakery was managed by Nicholas Cicchini a major drug trafficker That year Cicchini courier Giuseppe Indelicato was arrested returning from Italy with three pounds, nine ounces of heroin Detroit needed a new supply route and the seaboard group needed more supplies

EXPLOITING INNOCENT IMMIGRANTS

The syndicate leaders had worked out an answer Bonanno had come to Apalachin fresh from a meeting in Naples with Lucky Luciano chief of operations in Europe Santos Trafficanti, Mafia controller in Cuba and Florida, had met in Cuba with Paul Mondolini, liaison for the Marseilles ring that supplies the processed heroin. The Marseilles ring would ship the drugs to a Mafia ring in Sicily, which had a representative at the conference The Sicilians would transship the drugs to North America in false-bottomed trunks unknowingly carried by innocent immigrants, highly unlikely suspects. Arrangements for the shipments would be made in North America by a representative of the Sicilian ring then living in Toronto, a bakery owner Alberto Agueci to Sicily by a travel agent Salvatore Valenti The trunks would at times come into the U S more often into Ontario This called for cooperation from the Niagara Falls Buffalo syndicate controlled by Stefano "The Undertaker" Magaddino owner of a funeral chapel in Niagara Falls N.Y. His syndicate has for years supplied drugs to Hamilton and Guelph who in turn will often supply Toronto and Vancouver Buffalo accordingly was represented at the conference by Magaddino's brother Antonino and his drug supervisor Dominic D'Agostino The drugs coming into Ontario would reach New York through their territory, except for those diverted to Detroit through Cicchini

This plan involved seven drug rings in four countries. Five were represented at Apalachin Their traffickers arrived early and thrashed out the details The top brass — Vito Genovese, Joe Profaci and Gerardo Catena — came in before noon on the second day to make the final decisions that for a time made Toronto one of the continent's main ports of entry for heroin

TAKING OVER TORONTO

The man most responsible for carrying out this plan was Vincent Mauro a heavy-set bachelor with deep-circled eyes He grew out of a back-street gang in Greenwich Village in New York a brawler, thief, armed robber and killer The Greenwich Village syndicate recruited him as a drug peddler and he rose as the syndicate grew, a sprawling illegal corporation controlling drugs, gambling, juke boxes, labor extortion and loan sharking on the Jersey piers and lower west side New York. Genovese, as board chairman was over it more than it Anthony Strollo called Tony Bender, then fifty-seven was its managing director Mauro sixteen years younger, was in effect vice-president in charge of drugs

Mauro was not the typical Mafia leader deferential soft-spoken and devious. He was a race-track and night-club habitué crude loud and direct He liked showgirls, two a night, and he envied Carmine Galante, Bonanno's chief lieutenant who had gained prestige when he took over Montreal Shortly after Mauro began supervising the drug route through Ontario he decided he would take over Toronto He used a Toronto Mafia enforcer "Johnny Pops" Papalia

Papalia grew up one of six brothers and half brothers, on Railway Avenue in Hamilton. He quit school in the eighth grade a skinny but vicious gang leader, bootlegged a bit for the syndicate did a little breaking and entering, fought off a bout of TB and dodged the draft. He was peddling drugs in Toronto in 1949 for Harvey Chernek when police caught him with heroin capsules near Union Station With tears streaming down his face

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The Mafia merged criminal rings in three Ontario cities, reporting to New York and Detroit



PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH A VERY NICE PROBLEM



The man is Bill Freedman, who just might be on his way to success as a Broadway producer



Toby romps in garden of their home on the shores of Lake Simcoe near Barrie with children Lisa (age 6) Benjamin (age 2) and Peter (age 5½)

His problem is Toby Robins, wife, mother and beautiful actress, also on her way to try New York

Here is how he's facing up to it

By Wendy Michener

ANY MAN who marries an exceptionally beautiful woman automatically marries himself some problems, and a man who marries an exceptionally beautiful *actress* as a short look at Hollywood's marital history will confirm, must have eightmares. Bill Freedman, a short guy who looks a little like Mickey Mouse, has faced this second handicap bravely and in the last couple of years, has made it seem almost as if it were no handicap at all. In his young manhood Freedman was known mainly as Ben Freedman's son. Then he married and immediately became known as "Toby Robins' husband." But he is now entering a third stage as Mr. William Freedman, Broadway producer.

He hopes.

This month Mr. and Mrs. Freedman open a production called *The Four Faces of Two People* with Bill as producer and Toby as star, at the Crest Theatre in Toronto. If all goes well, the play, written by a New York advertising man named Albert Meglin, will go to Broadway about Christmas.

Four Faces is not the first Freedman-Robins venture to invade Broadway, and their experiences on their first try point up Freedman's problem as the husband of Canada's most beautiful actress. In 1958, after the very successful Toronto run of a musical entertainment called *Salad Days*, the rights to which they picked up in England and which they produced in Toronto under Toby's name, the Freedmans tried New York. The newspapers were, to say the least, unkind. Brooks Atkinson of the *Times* said "no one can make anything funny out of such amateur horseplay." The *Daily News* went further, heading its review SALAD DAYS STRIKES A BLOW FOR DECADENCE. But worst of all was a notice that reported the show had been produced by the husband of the well-known TV panelist, Toby Robins.

Toby is, of course, one of the few real stars of Canadian show business. She could afford to price herself out of regular appearances on *From Page Challenge*, the popular CBC game show that paid her four hundred dollars a week for what she calls "going to a party with nice people," and from which she, with Bill acting as her representative, demanded—and—

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Where the boys and girls go



A photo story by Don Newlands, with notes by Peter Gzowski, on the swingingest young people's party of the year. When 20,000 young songsters descended on the 15,000 citizens of Orillia, Ont., for the third annual Mariposa Festival of folk singing—if that's what it was

IF YOU ARE (a) the parent of a teenager or (b) a resident of Orillia, Ont., or (c) a folk song cultist who likes his hey nonny-nonnies unadulterated by fun, you will be pleased to know that the fourth annual Mariposa Folk Festival next year will be a little different from the one held this year. If on the other hand, you are young, like to sing and/or feel the need to blow off steam around mid-August, you will receive the news with gloom.

This year's festival was a blast. Attendance, some twenty thousand was more than the two previous years combined. The trouble was the attendance included a few dozen of the kind of bleak-jacketed motorcyclists who like to roar their engines louder and quieter than the Norman Luboff Choir, a few thousand people who couldn't give less of a fiddle-de-dee for folk music, and not enough cops to keep the kids from having a slightly better time than most of their parents would have approved.

What was not noted by all the newspapers who hosted ghost hoots and broods — and helpful convinced the festival's organizers that they'd better make *some* changes — was that along with the swinging tunes there was some pretty swingeing music. On the next four pages is a words-and-pictures record of both sides of the week-end-long whoop that hit a peaceful little Ontario city this summer.

continued overleaf













The performers *including (from) Lee Cortez Brothers (this is the second year they've appeared on the bill), Jacques Labrecque Malka and [illegible] Ian Mills [illegible] and Stan with Eric Hood [illegible], and Blaine D. Lee*

Where the music comes from





The crowds *on peterath through three concerts two of them four hours long. Saturday night's was so jammed with 12,000 customers in the open area that when one fan had to leave temporarily he was passed overhead to the exit*



continued

THE SINGING at Mariposa started on Friday night about 8:30 p.m. and scarcely stopped all weekend. The question that troubled a Saturday afternoon panel of experts was: was it *folk* singing? By the strictest definition, no. To be real folk singers the Mariposa artists would have had to sing oak snags that'd leafed from their own trad oaks. Of them all only Jacques Labrecque the stoutish pixie from Quebec did that. The rest sang material they'd learned at their mother's gramophone.

Labrecque it should be noted was the festival's least successful entertainer after stretching his act out to nearly an hour — by the end of which he had snare kids at the outer reaches of the crowd singing *Jingle Bells* against him — he came off the stage convinced that fans in Ontario just don't like French Canadians. (My own most boring memories however came during the performances of a different kind of singer. Stu Phillips, Canada's Traveling Balladeer," a cowboy from Montreal who says things like "Well, Ah'll be deah gossaed" and "How many here from Winnipeg?" He also follows that tinged old western tradition of having a bass-player on his right flank which must have been difficult for the bass-player come round up time.)

MOST OF THE FOLK FANS came to Orillia by bus or car, and a couple of youngsters even walked the eighty one miles from Toronto. But on Saturday afternoon, word flashed around that some motorcycles with labeled black jackets (LANCERS WILD ONES M.C.) had roared in. For a while things looked pretty menacing, and festival officials and police began to worry about a full-scale brawl. At one point four motorcyclists parked their bikes abreast on Mississaga, the main street, and no one was bold enough to move them along.

But all stayed relatively calm. The most roisterous activities of the afternoon were a few ad lib hootenannies downtown and some extra action around the parade.

Orillia has a curious attitude toward the festival. Although it does not hesitate to accept the money of the folkniks — and if each of the twenty thousand spent only ten dollars all weekend, someone made money — the city made the festival management pay for the extra police that were required. A few Orillians pitched in willingly with the work of the festival and some homeowners opened their homes (six dollars for the weekend was a common rate) but many of the townsfolk were downright hostile, and — except for the partying youngsters — no one in Orillia seemed in a festival mood.

Orillia proper was spared the noisiest parties when the evening concerts were over; most of the visitors poured out to Silver Sleeve Park, a camping ground about twelve miles from town.

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The parade *on Saturday afternoon was to have been the festival's bow to the city, and vice versa. But the town, a little edgy because of the presence of some motorcycle gangs, left much of the enjoyment to the young crowds*

When the real wild ones move in



The cops *had their hands full in Orillia. But by a policy of strict [illegible] and no bullying, they kept the numbers between themselves and the kids to a minimum. In three days 130 people were charged with offences including liquor*





The return traffic started after the concerts let out. On Friday and Saturday nights parties raged at Silver Sleeve park [illegible] miles from Dublin

How the blasts start

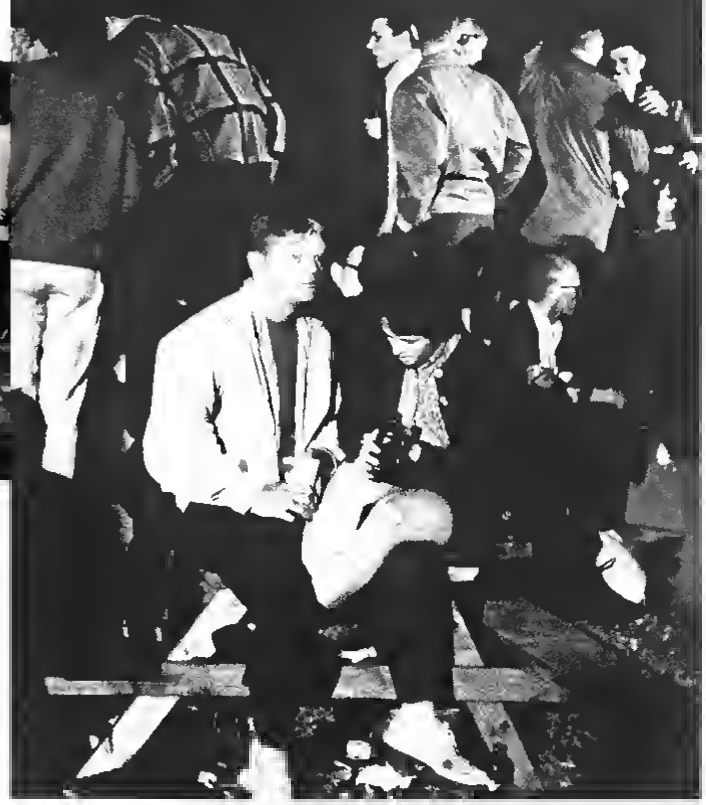
[illegible] at Silver Sleeve park the camping grounds where the Mariposa Festival activities moved after midnight. I thought I had died and gone to hell. Everywhere, there were ghostly glassy eyed lost-looking teenagers many of the girls in Bermuda shorts despite the cold many of the boys in college jackets. "Hey man, McGill eh?" "Yeah." "What year you in?" "Last." "Last of four?" "Last of five." "Gee-eez. An old bastard." There were thousands of them wandering aimlessly or huddled into groups of anywhere from two to fifty. The parties went on through the night.

The in thing to have was a guitar slung over your back and a bottle — beer or liquor — open in your hand. A couple of the more enterprising youngsters had their own illegal beer bootlegging businesses going. Others collected empties. Two boys huddled under ponchos playing chess.

The park was policed by men hired by the festival while the Ontario Provincial Police lurked outside waiting to round up anyone who tried to take his carousing back to town. There wouldn't have been a jail in Orillia big enough to hold the arrestees if they'd ever come in. When someone did get too drunk in town during the festival he was usually locked up long enough to clear his head, then thrown out to make room.

Originally Silver Sleeve was to have been the site of a mammoth all night hootenanny where folk-singers taking turns in the spotlight would exchange songs. But someone forgot to hook up a spotlight, not to mention a sound system and the only alternative was a number of *little* hootenannies. Early on many of these small groups played and sang folk songs but by about three o'clock the folksiest song to be heard was *Guadalajara*.

Except that it was bigger and the participants were younger — I'm sure I wasn't *that* young when I was nineteen — the big blow-out at Silver Sleeve I thought could have been any one of the very good parties I remember from when country music was still square. Oh maybe this one *was* a little wilder just because of its size. It would certainly be something to be talked over with relish in the sophomore dorms this fall. And it was no place for an adult ★



The active ones didn't begin to run down until nearly dawn. By then the ground was thick with beer bottles and the one gigantic party had split into more private groups. It was, says the author, no place for an adult



The end came with the sun, which on Sunday morning, lit a miraculous litter bottle tre[illegible]



What the singers do

A few of the professional singers made their way to Silver Sleeve on Friday night, the festival's first to see if their services would be required for the entertainment. But as one of them said the next morning, they couldn't get into the platform for beer bottles. Sunday night, when the concert was done, the pros had a little bash of their own. It provided as fair an idea of what went on in the weekend's more enjoyable moments.



For the better part of two hours Ian (Tyson) and Sylvia (Fricker) Canada's fast rising young record stars jammed blue grass and country music accompanied by Bear Hood their regular banjo and guitar man and another guitar picker and singer from Toronto named John Smith. Michel Chaquene a young singer from Montreal joined in occasionally by making, it was whistle out of his cupped hands. The careful arrangements that led some critics to accuse these young performers of that worst of sins commercialism were thrown out the window and they sang genuine classics like Sally Dog in song and as loud and as fresh as they pleased. Crazy.

Around three Ian and Sylvia, who were due to sing at a special church service left Shanty after that another banjo player arrived and the music started up again.

What we can learn from

THE TRAGIC HISTORY OF A SEX CRIMINAL

Leopold Dion spent twenty years in our prisons for sex crimes. We gave him no psychiatric treatment, but we did give him his freedom — to kill four boys

BY ROBERT FULFORD

IN A COURTROOM at Quebec City on July 25 a paroled convict named Léopold Dion confessed that he had in recent weeks murdered four little boys. He had committed the most shocking series of sex crimes in Canada in this generation, and he described them now in detail for a coroner's jury. As he spoke an occasional sob or gasp broke through the stillness from the back of the room: the parents and relatives of the dead boys were there, along with the policemen and the reporters to try to find out what had happened to their children, and why.

Since that day in July a few other people have also tried to understand why those children were killed, and as a result it now seems possible that the crimes of Léopold Dion will lead eventually to a change in the way Canadian prisons treat mentally sick criminals. For the fact is that long before Dion committed murder the federal government of Canada had a *chance* to treat his illness or at least a chance to know how sick he was. This opportunity, it now seems apparent, was not seized.

At the same time the Dion case may lead to a re-evaluation of the work of the National Parole Board. Dion had three times been convicted of sex crimes before he was paroled last September from Kingston penitentiary, and a judge who sentenced him once told federal parole officials that Dion should never be released. Dion was paroled under a system which began in 1959 when the newly organized National Parole Board took over the functions of the Department of Justice remissions service. Since then paroles have become much easier to get, and the number of convicts paroled each year from penitentiaries has about doubled: it was 522 in 1958, 994 in 1959 and 1,005 in 1961 (about one in ten of them violate parole and return to the penitentiary).

Dr. Guy Marcoux, the Social Credit MP for Quebec Montmorency, summed up one reaction to the killing of the four boys when he spoke in Parliament four days after Dion's confession. "Considering that sexual perverts are mentally sick, probably the criminal code should be amended so as to provide complete and adequate therapy for such people before they are eligible for parole." This is just exactly what everybody who pretends to understand the subject has been saying for a generation: two royal commissions have said it, and so have dozens of psychiatrists and penologists. But this kind of therapy has never been provided in Canada, partly because various prison officials have always decided that something else had a better claim on the money available. As a result the penitentiary service is peculiarly vulnerable in the Dion case, and it can reasonably be argued that those four children in Quebec were the victims not only of a personality that was monstrously warped but also of a public policy that was — and is — seriously flawed. Dion's case is far from typical, and no one will try to generalize from it. But it is the sort of extraordinary case that illuminates ordinary cases, throwing into relief everyday methods of operation and accepted habits of mind. What it illuminates, mainly, is a society that is still unable to follow its experts' best advice and its own best instincts in the treatment of convicted criminals.

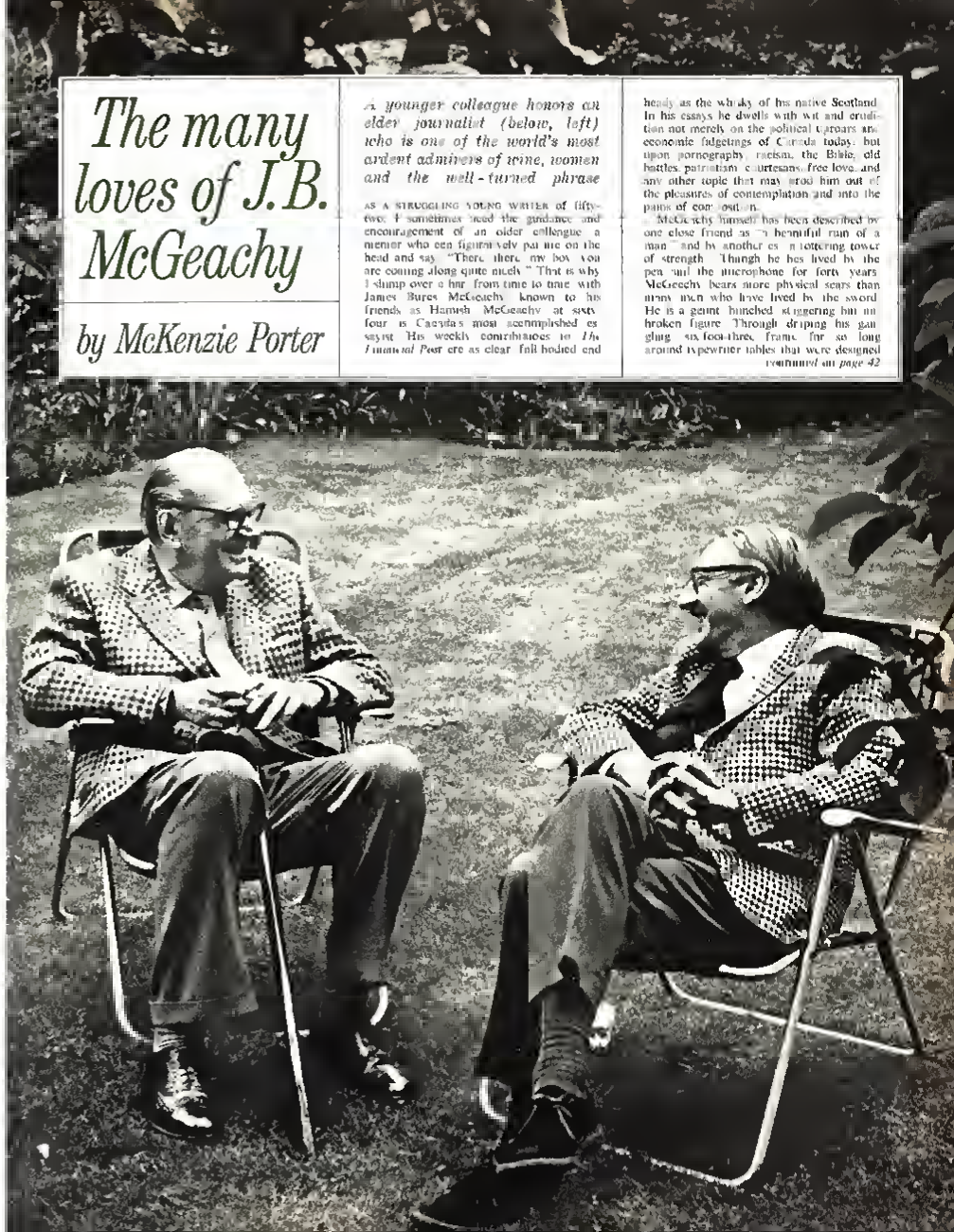
Dion was sentenced to prison for life in 1940 on a rape conviction. In 1956 he was paroled, but while on parole was convicted of a gross indecency involving a homosexual act with a fifteen-year-old. He was then returned to prison and kept there till last September, when the parole board decided once again that he should be set free. This combination of circumstances and Dion's confession aroused a furious public controversy. The deputy attorney-general of Quebec stepped out of his usual civil servant's anonymity long enough to condemn the National Parole Board for releasing Dion. The village council of Pool-Rouge, about twenty miles west of Quebec, where Dion lived when he committed the crimes, formally adopted a resolution stating that municipal officials had opposed Dion's parole and furthermore that "Dion did not originate in Pool-Rouge but rather the city of Quebec." Dr. Marcoux demanded a royal commission to investigate the parole board decision that freed Dion. Justice Minister Lionel Chevrier appointed a two-man board — a lawyer and a psychiatrist — to examine the case and report on the parole board's actions.

WHY THEY DON'T SAY "CURE"

For its part, the board maintained that correct procedures had been followed. Benoit Goulbourn, the executive director, said: "The board honestly believed, after examining many reports, that the man was ready and would probably do well on parole." Mary Louise Lynch, a member of the board, told a *Maclean's* reporter: "Well, we let him out in September and he didn't go astray until recently. We released him after a very considerable examination." The board refused to defend its decision in detail: the reports it had received were confidential and would remain so.

The decision to parole Dion will be debated for months, but the parole itself may turn out to be far less important than the things that happened to Dion *before* he was let loose. Psychiatrists have usually admitted that there is nothing easy about the treatment of sex criminals; there is no guarantee, in fact, that even the most intelligent psychotherapy will work, and the word "cure" is always shunned by psychiatrists working in this field. In

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The many loves of J.B. McGeachy

by McKenzie Porter

A younger colleague honors an older journalist (below, left) who is one of the world's most ardent admirers of wine, women and the well-turned phrase

AS A STRUGGLING YOUNG WRITER of fifty-two, I sometimes need the guidance and encouragement of an older colleague, a mentor who can figuratively pat me on the head and say, "There, there, my boy, you are coming along quite nicely." That is why I slump over a bar from time to time with James Bures McGeachy, known to his friends as Hamish McGeachy, at sixty-four is Canada's most accomplished essayist. His weekly contributions to *The Financial Post* are as clear, full-bodied and heady as the whisky of his native Scotland. In his essays he dwells with wit and erudition not merely on the political uproars and economic fidgetings of Canada today, but upon pornography, racism, the Bible, old battles, patriotism, courtesans, free love, and any other topic that may prod him out of the pleasures of contemplation and into the pains of composition.

McGeachy himself has been described by one close friend as "a beautiful ruin of a man," and by another as "a tottering tower of strength." Though he has lived by the pen and the microphone for forty years, McGeachy bears more physical scars than many men who have lived by the sword. He is a gaunt hunched staggering but unbroken figure. Through dripping his gangling six-foot-three frame, for so long around typewriter tables that were designed

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Starving peasants in the northeast stage increasingly frequent protests against rich tyrannical landlords. So far, the demonstrations have been bloodless but new revolution looms

WHY BRAZIL HASN'T GONE COMMUNIST—YET

Brazil still treats its peasants like the British poor of Dickens' time. But it may yet become one of the rich — and free — nations of the western world

By IAN SCLANDERS Maclean's Washington editor

IN A SHOP WINDOW in Rio de Janeiro I saw a doll my youngest daughter would like. The price tag on it said $1,250 — a bargain since it was dressed in a fancy native costume complete with jewelry. I walked in and peeled big bills off a fat wad. As I left with the doll under my arm I calculated that it had cost me about a dollar fifty in U.S. funds for the dollar sign on the price tag stood for Brazilian cruzeiros.

My bankroll was still plump — deceptively so. The fifties, hundreds and five hundreds in it added up to four thousand cruzeiros, but I was taking a friend to lunch. I realized I'd have to cash another traveler's cheque.

The first traveler's cheque I had cashed in Rio, as I registered at the hotel got me such a bundle of paper money that it felt as affluent as a Rockefeller. In an expansive mood I slipped the bellboy a fifty-cruzeiro note.

He looked as though he'd like to wrap it around a brick and give it back to me — right in the eye. No wonder I discovered when I figured it out that I had tipped him six cents for carrying two bags and a typewriter. I'd known, as everyone does, that Brazil is suffering from inflation. The bellboy's angry glare impressed on me how critical this inflation is and how little the cruzeiro is worth — less, indeed, than the pesos, francs, marks, yens, kronas, rupees and liras of any other of the twenty-eight countries whose currency is listed in the foreign exchange quotations of the New York Times.

The withered cruzeiro is a measure of Brazil's economic illness. Yet Brazil —which covers half of South America and has four times Canada's population — has such enormous natural resources that it should be one of the most powerful and prosperous nations on earth.

Why is it now in bad shape? An English writer has remarked that it "lacks some niggling virtues of common sense." This may be part of its trouble. For example, to gain auto factories it put foreign cars beyond reach of ordinary wage earners by raising tariffs so high that the cheapest Chevrolet sells for more in Brazil than a Cadillac sells for in the U.S. or Canada. And who but the Brazilians, when they already had in Rio de Janeiro a capital city internationally known for its beauty, would have drained their federal treasury to build a new capital in the middle of nowhere in a flat, sun-baked wilderness where the wind stirs clouds of red dust? Where else but in Brazil would the skipper of a pint sized ferryboat be paid more than an admiral in the navy, and where else would a waterfront laborer earn more than a full professor at a university?

But Brazil's difficulties stem chiefly, I think, not from its lapses into near idiocy, its incomprehensible incongruities, but from the fact that while its urban architecture is often like a preview of the future its social attitudes are anchored in the past. The Britain that Charles Dickens wrote about a century ago must, in ways, have been like Brazil. For the rich in Brazil, like the rich in Britain in Dickens' day, are, as a class, greedy and heartless, unmoved by feelings of responsibility toward their fellow Brazilians. And the poor, like Britain's poor in Dickens' day, are illiterate, disease-riddled, servile.

THE FIGHT FOR SEMI-SLAVERY

Brazil has other handicaps — politicians with a long and shocking record of graft and corruption, military leaders who threaten *coups d'état* when political leaders decline to be their puppets, oligarchs who stubbornly resist reform and who, although two percent of the people own more than fifty percent of the private land and hold the peasants in semi-slavery, fight tooth and nail against land redistribution.

Brazil is handicapped, too, by the unwillingness of Brazilians to invest in their own country unless they are certain of whopping profits with no risk involved, such as erecting fancy apartments in Rio that pay for themselves in two years. While interest rates are not supposed under the law to exceed thirty-five percent per annum in Brazil, lenders demand more and I saw newspaper advertisements in which the governments of Brazilian states were offering fifty percent per annum on their debentures. But if you're tempted to sell your five-percent Canadian bonds and buy fifty-percent Brazilian bonds, remember that in 1943 cruzeiros were eighteen to the dollar, in 1951 they were seventy-five to the dollar, in 1959 they were a hundred and eighty to the dollar, in 1960 they were three hundred to the dollar and this summer they are more than eight hundred to the dollar.

Because of the steady decline of the cruzeiro Brazilians no longer have savings accounts and most of them regard Brazilian bonds — including bonds that bear fifty-percent interest — as too speculative. On payday most Brazilians head for the stores to spend their money before it drops some more — or before prices rise again which amounts to the same thing. They shop eagerly for durable goods that can be obtained on the instalment plan, the idea being that if they can postpone payment until the cruzeiro keeps shrinking, they'll be ahead of the game.

This spring the government tightened up credit regulations in an effort to halt inflation. Within weeks, buying had fallen so sharply that some manufacturers stopped production until they could dispose of a surplus. Soon, there was so much pressure on President João Goulart and his cabinet to ease credit that the main advocate of anti-inflationary policies, Dr.

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MEMORIES OF A GREAT BUT FORGOTTEN GOLDRUSH

Most of the camps in B.C.'s magnificent, mountainous Lardeau country are ghost towns now. But at the turn of the century thousands of men were mining the hard rock of the high peaks. This is the forgotten story of a rush that rivaled the Klondike, told by a man who was there

BY FRED L. LADE

I WAS TEN YEARS OLD when my brother Vince came back to Nova Scotia and took me out to the Lardeau country of British Columbia which then at the turn of the century was in the midst of a goldrush.

Today the Lardeau gold strikes are all but forgotten except in the memories of a few old timers and the dusty provincial mining records. The communities in which I grew up — Trout Lake City bursting with five thousand people, bustling Beaton, Cambourne, Ferguson and Complex — are now ghost towns. Beaton is populated by a handful of lumbermen. Cambourne and Ferguson are inhabited by one family each. Trout Lake City has a summer hotel but only two families live there the year round. Other communities have been shattered by hail a century old, Kootenay snowfalls and the rain forests of the foothills have swallowed them, fencing few traces. But when I drove cattle between those towns (at sixteen the youngest driver in the Lardeau) they were the liveliest mining camps south of the Klondike.

Mr. brothers had gone west in 1891, the year I was born, and worked first in Vancouver where the sewers were being put in. For the townsite which was mostly bushland and swamp, with a few scattered houses. Later they prospected and worked in mines across the province. In 1898, the youngest of my three brothers, Bill, was killed in a snowslide at Sandon, B.C. Two other men were rescued by miners and prospectors who left whatever they were doing and went out in their Sunday best, even in shirt sleeves, in freezing weather to dig, those men dug with their bare hands. When he talked about my eldest brother Jim told me, "By and large you'll never find better men than the miners and prospectors, drunk or sober." In later years I'll never hail cause to disagree with that opinion.

After Bill's death Jim and Vince tried their luck in the Lardeau country, the mountain-and-valley area around Trout Lake and Upper Arrow Lake where the Columbia River suddenly broadens in to more than a hundred miles of lake in its long journey toward the border of the United States.

A few years before, four prospectors named Walker Holden, McDonald and Downs had prospected this wilderness and staked two rich mines which they named Silver Cup and Great Northern. The discoveries brought an influx of prospectors and soon the outside world heard of new strikes — names calculated to stir any adventurer's blood — Lucky Jack and Oyster Criterion, Silver Dollar and Mammoth, Red Horse and Gold Finch and the Spider. The pioneers cut a pack train and later a wagon track through the mountainous wilderness. More prospectors and miners came and with them gamblers, promoters and enterprising tradesmen. They crowded into the new camps that would soon grow into towns.

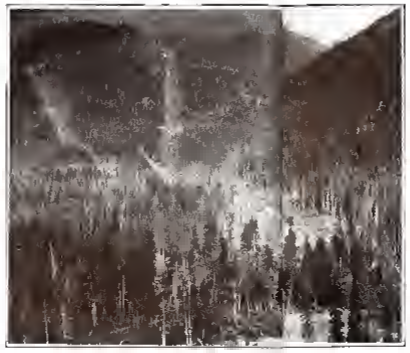
My brothers staked four claims on top of an eight-thousand-foot mountain that is still called Lade Peak. One of the claims, the Opher Lade, was rich enough to have made our fortunes but it was never developed into a working mine. The Opher Lade suffered from the same problem that eventually killed the Lardeau as a gold field: the enormous difficulty and expense of getting materials and supplies in and ore out of mine properties that were mostly located on the top or sides of steep mountains. The mine owners had to pay forty dollars a cord to bring up firewood and all other supplies cost five dollars a hundred pounds for the short uphill haul.

By the time I came to the Lardeau my brothers had traded their claims for shares in the big Outer Criterion mine and had taken jobs there. Jim as superintendent and Vince as mine foreman. Soon they sent for two of my sisters in Nova Scotia and we set up home in Cambourne.

We mining-town youngsters had to make our own fun and rough fun it was, too. Because of that we had trouble keeping teachers in Cambourne's log cabin schoolhouse. When a teacher left suddenly the parents would hire an old fellow named Thomson to fill in until they could find a new teacher. He was a big tall man who wore a goatee and a hammer-

continued overleaf

Almost vertical access roads made gold production costly in the Lardeau bonanza, even though the mines were rich and close to town. Below are the Eva and Meridian mines at Cambourne, B.C.



This hole-in-a-mountain gold mine near Ferguson, B.C., promised the author's brothers a fortune at the height of the Lardeau country goldrush, then petered out. Jim Lade is nearest camera, Vince at far right.





Small steamboats on Upper Arrow Lake were the Lardeau miners' only direct link with the outside. Their most important freight was whisky, tobacco and draft horses for the mines. Below: the problem was to freight a cable of 3,600 feet and nearly four tons, six miles up a mountain to the Silver Dollar mine. The ingenious solution: snake along the backs of thirty-one rugged horses. The scene is Cambourne, B.C., in 1906.

Snowshoed horses were the most unusual innovation in the Lardeau country. They enabled mine operators to haul ore and supplies over trails several feet deep in snow. The horses soon learned to walk straddle-legged in their strange footgear and would not budge if their snowshoes were not securely fastened.







With plenty of women, the Lardeau had a strict moral code



Lardeau's celebrated lady prospector, Mrs. Jowette, staked more claims than any man. Above, wearing a garden party hat, she rides into the mountains. For years she ran a ghost-town hotel, confident of a new gold boom that never came. At right, pioneer wives at Ferguson mine, the discovery that started the Lardeau bonanza.



Lardeau's goldrush was a family affair as indicated by a 1905 swimming party in Upper Arrow Lake, below. Heavy snow, above, plagued the mine operators and when the mines closed down in 1909 helped obliterate all trace of once thriving mining towns.



continued

tail coat and was a great one for drink. He would go into a bar on his way to school (in the Lardeau the bars stayed open all night) and sometimes his daughter would have to go looking for him to take him to the school. When he got there he would take a long time calling the roll. Then he would set us a lesson and go off to sleep.

That gave me and my partner in crime, Frank Abbey, plenty of time to think up ways of getting into trouble. But the wildest of our pranks we didn't have to think up. It just happened. Frank and I somehow rided up on an old cow in a field near the Northern Hotel. She charged at us and the only place we could run was into the barroom of the Northern. She followed us through the swinging doors and stampeded a couple of dozen men who were drinking and playing cards. Tables upset and drinks spilled as the men made for the only exit, a narrow back door. I'll never know how so many could get through such a small space in such a short time. The bartender dived under the bar and Frank and I went with him.

The cow looked around the bar for a minute, then trotted off up the street, and the men came back. Frank and I were afraid to go home with the cow still loose, so one of the men came with us. A few hundred feet from the hotel that old cow loomed up out of the dark and charged us again. Frank and I dived under the wooden sidewalk, but the men ran for the hotel with the cow after him, gaining on him at every leap. He leaped through the barroom door just ahead of the cow — and again the patrons jammed through the back door.

For days the men argued about what could have caused the cow to go berserk, but we sure never told them. That was one licking I escaped, which was unusual.

I spent a lot of time hanging around the stables. I kept plaguing Jim Hall, a partner in the freighting and staging business, for a job driving stage. He said: Laddie, you can have the job as soon as you get strong enough to hang the harness on them pegs.

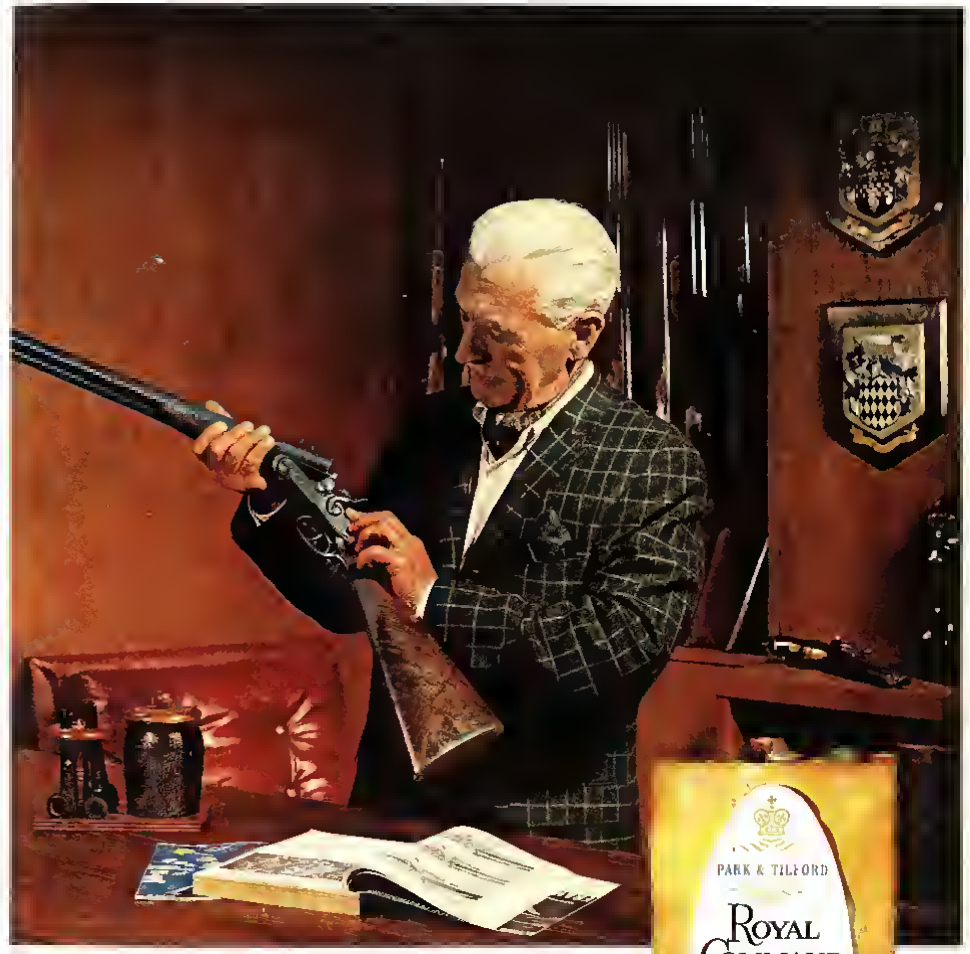
I kept trying this feat of strength, and one day I finally made it. Jimmy kept his word and gave me a job and a room at his place among the other teamsters.

My first stage run was from Cambourne, eight miles to Beaton at the head of Upper Arrow Lake, the terminal for the steamboats that brought passengers, freight and mail from the outside world. At Beaton I picked up passengers and mail for Trout Lake City, a dozen miles southeast on Trout Lake, and Ferguson, another four miles inland. Those distances may sound trivial in these days of fast automobiles and superhighways, but over the rocky switchbacks we called roads my stage route was a full day's journey — with luck, and barring snowslides and landslides.

My route lay through what I still consider the most beautiful scenery in the world, but one it lurked sudden death for the unwary, and more than once I had escapes narrower than I care to remember. One winter's day I was driving through the Fish River canyon from Cambourne to Beaton when the horses broke into a sudden spurt. For the first time they disobeyed my voice and reins and continued through the canyon at a dangerous pace. No sooner had we cleared the canyon than a huge snow slide roared down, and horses, stage and I just escaped being swept into the boiling Fish River far below.

Another of my horses wasn't so lucky. On this occasion I was packing ore from the Mammoth mine, situated on top of Goat Mountain far above timber line and reached by a steep trail cut through solid rock. (The mine building where the miners lived and ate and spent their off-shift hours was anchored to the mountain by cables.) One of the horses I was driving slipped off the trail with a 250-pound pack of ore on his back. He went over fifteen hundred feet of sheer rock and his screams of terror were something I shall never forget.

continued on page 37



Handcrafted Damascus barrel 10-gauge Purdey shotgun, circa 1875

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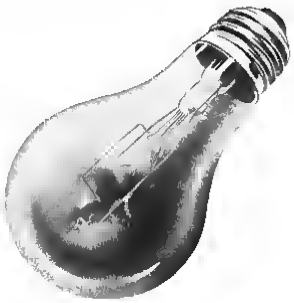


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FORGOTTEN GOLDRUSH

continued from page 30

On those rugged Lardeau routes, it took six strong horses to pull a stage. The driver's seat was equipped with a seat belt — long before automobiles had them. In addition the driver needed a toe strap on the floorboards into which he wedged his left foot to help keep him in place. His right foot was always on the brake and both hands were fully occupied by his six-horse reins and whip. A Lardeau stage driver literally needed all his limbs — and all his faculties.

The stages bore no resemblance to the closed coaches familiar to viewers of Western movies and TV serials. Behind the driver's raised seat was a long open box with four or five seats for the ten or twelve passengers. When it rained the passengers either put up umbrellas or got wet. Many a trip I have made with a lady's parasol poking me in the neck and dripping rain down my collar.

The Lardeau country mine-owners, faced with the agonizing dilemma of rich but inaccessible properties devised several ingenious methods of operation. One was to fit horses with snowshoes for winter hauling. In later years I have had difficulty in getting people to believe that I worked horses on snowshoes — until I showed them photographs to prove it. The horse snowshoes were round wooden discs, a foot or more in diameter with a leather boot in the centre that laced onto the horse's hoofs. When they were first put on a horse he would have one hell of a time walking in them but in twenty minutes he would master the straddle-legged gait that was necessary to keep the shoes from colliding with each other. Many a time when I was driving a pack of snowshoed horses I would have one of them stop and look at me. Yell as I would, he wouldn't move. Then I would discover that one of his shoes was loose and the horse knew it was not safe to continue in deep snow.

Another unique form of transportation was rawhiding, which proved to be the cheapest method of getting ore down from the mountain mines in winter. This vehicle consisted simply of a cowhide into which ore was laced like a huge shoe. Hair side out. The trail in the snow made by the cowhide soon became rounded and ice-coated, and a horse could easily pull half a ton of ore that way, compared with two hundred and fifty pounds on his back.

Four Camborne mines boasted equipment that was more modern than snowshoed horses or rawhide chutes. The Oyster Criterion, Eva Gold Finch and Lucky Jack used stamp mills. Aerial tramways carried the ore to the mills which first crushed the gold-bearing rock into small pieces, then stamped it into powder between steel plates. Running water washed the powder onto copper plates coated with mercury to which the gold dust adhered. Every eight hours the mill operator would stop the mill, shut the water off and scrape the mercury and gold dust off the plates. The mercury would then be distilled leaving pure gold. Most of the ore in the Lardeau contained silver, lead and zinc in addition to gold. This residue went to the smelter at Trail for refining. But the stamp mills were relatively inefficient,

continued on page 36



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West Wind

It was a triumph of the senses. It sat brooding on the rough easel, unfinished, yet sombre with wind and cold sunlight. Thomson worked deftly, repeating forms and rhythms, brushing on the deep colours of northern nature. As the painting grew, it showed a reverence and sureness of execution rarely seen since the early masters. He worked on, then finally lay down his brushes and stood back. "West Wind", one of the greatest Canadian landscapes was finished.

Tom Thomson had won early recognition for his paintings and sketches of the North, but in "West Wind" he expressed a quality that had never been captured before. Tragically enough, it was Thomson's last major canvas. The man who gave such unique expression to Canadian art soon lost his life in a lonely lake of the north country.

Tom Thomson's "West Wind", along with "Jack Pine" and his other great works will live for all time. His close contact with nature gave him a brilliant colour and interpretive technique, far removed from the pale monochromes that had dominated his time. Each stroke he made carried solemnity and truth, deliberate, yet free of any binding philosophy.

In generations to come, the name and paintings of Tom Thomson will continue to prove that people really do make the difference, and that greatness is merely an expression of their innermost qualities.

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Original canvas, "West Wind", by kind permission of The Art Gallery of Toronto. Photographed beside Tom Thomson's restored studio, courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McMichael, Kleinburg, Ontario. Original sketch of "West Wind" from the collection of Mrs. J. S. McLean, Toronto.



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since they recovered only fifty to sixty pennyweight of the gold in the ore.

The only man who made a big profit from the stamp mills was a fellow named Parks who came to Cambourne, hired one helper and set up a small stamp mill just below the Oyster Criterion's mill. He ran the Criterion's waste through his mill and recovered half the gold that the Criterion was wasting. By the time the big mill closed down Parks was rich.

The Lardeau goldrush differed in several ways from the more celebrated bonanzas like the Klondike. Being in southeastern British Columbia it was comparatively accessible, and a fair proportion of the pioneers brought their wives and children and set up home. As a result life in the Lardeau was a sharply contrasting combination of small town respectability and frontier shenanigans.

Probably because of the presence of so many respectable women, a strict code of moral ethics governed the Lardeau gold towns. For example, although the bars were open all night (whisky two drinks for a quarter) and every third drink on the house), no liquor was served when the families entertained at home. Anyone who swore or made suggestive remarks when a townswoman walked along the street was liable to summary punishment. I have seen an old-timer given a stranger I think eye for making a suggestive remark to a woman — even though he did not know the woman.

Cambourne, Trout Lake City and Ferguson all had red light districts located a short distance from the towns but they, too, had strict rules. The girls did not frequent the bars, but tended strictly to business. When they did come to town to shop they would never speak to a man, no matter how well they knew him. A remarkable fact was that when in some times happened a lonely man married one of the girls everyone — including the town matrons — would do their best to get her started in respectable married life.

The girls had a remarkable reputation for honesty. A drunken miner would go out to the district with three or four hundred dollars and next morning the girl of his choice would hand him back his bankroll when he sobered up.

But then honesty was the way of life in the Lardeau. A trapper would come to town, pitch a tent, leave all his earthly possessions in it, and take off into the mountains with his sixty-pound pack on his back. When he came back, maybe a month later, his tent and its contents were sure to be untouched. If you found yourself at somebody's vacant cabin at nightfall you proprietor's meal from its larder or slept in it, as a matter of course. But the unwritten law demanded that you leave the cabin as you found it, clean, well supplied with firewood and kindling for the next visitor to use. This practice was more than strictly courtesy. It might be a matter of life or death in winter.

Theft could be roughly dealt with in the Lardeau. There was the case of Billie Athoe who lived alone in a cabin near Beaton, minded his own business and was everybody's friend. Billie had a liking for a certain brand of whisky and had to take the boat all the way to Arrowhead to get it. One day he returned to Beaton with his bottle, put it in his cabin and walked into town for the mail. When he returned home the bottle was gone.

Billie knew that none of the town's old timers would steal but a newcomer had recently moved into a cabin nearby and Billie wondered about him. A week later he brought another bottle from Arrowhead and again it disappeared. He took his rifle, off the wall and went to the newcomer's cabin. The guy was sitting there, drinking Billie's bottle. Billie shot him dead. Everybody went to Billie's trial, and cheered when he got off with five years in jail. The judge gave him the benefit of an unwritten "law of the West" which held that theft was a serious crime among people whose very life might depend on mutual trust. As far as I know Billie Athoe was the last man to benefit from this unwritten law.



A hotel *in Lardeau country in 1905*

There was the time, though, when four prospectors, Billie Winslow, Charlie Copp, Charlie Larson and Alec McInnes, drinking in one of Cambourne's bars and looking for some devilment to get into, hatched a plot that required them to steal a photograph of Jimmie Little from that old bachelor's cabin. It was a matter of pride with the lone men of the Lardeau to keep their cabins spotlessly clean and Jimmie kept his cleaner than most. The four men were discussing this over their drinks and finally decided that Little would make some woman an ideal husband. They decided to find a wife for him.

They got hold of an American newspaper that carried matrimonial advertisements and wrote away for the photographs of the women who were looking for husbands. After they had picked out the most likely candidate Winslow said "Hell, she's too good for him. I wouldn't mind having her for myself." But the other three ruled him. That was when they stole Jimmie's photograph and sent it to the woman along with a friendly letter to which they signed Jimmie's name.

For the next few months they had a lot of laughs, writing the woman increasingly ardent letters (they had arranged with the postmaster to give them the letters postmarked from the prospective bride's home town). Finally the time came to propose marriage. They waited anxiously for her answer — which was yes. But she added, she didn't have enough money for the fare to Cambourne.

Since the prank had gone that far, the four men chipped in for the fare. One morning as I was starting my stage run Billie Winslow told me "Fred, there's a lady coming on the boat today. Take good care of her and bring her straight to the post office."

The lady got off the boat at Beaton and I let her sit on the front seat by me. She was a fine buxom woman of about fifty with beautiful black hair and brown eyes. She was naturally nervous at coming all the way to this frontier land to marry a man she had never met, and I did my best to describe the wonderful people and the life of the Lardeau. When she asked me shyly about Jimmie Little, I told her: "Lady, you cannot find a nicer man in British Columbia."

Meanwhile the four jokers had persuaded Jimmie to put on his Sunday best and come to the post office "for a surprise." When the lady stepped off the stage Billie Winslow said, "Jimmie, meet your future wife!" The onlookers who were in on the joke expected Jimmie, at very least, to fall over in a dead faint. Instead Jimmie smiled, walked over to the lady, put his arms around her and gave her a big kiss. "Come with me and I will get you a room at the Eva Hotel for the time being."

In less than an hour the wives of the town had heard the story and went to the hotel in a body to make the newcomer welcome. The whole town attended the wedding a week later.

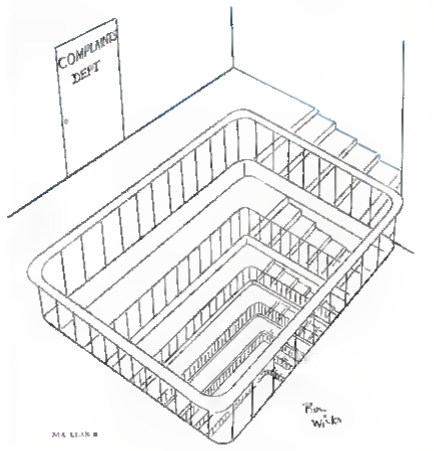
After they had been married for a month one of the men responsible for the romance asked Jimmie how he liked married life. "I have never been as happy as I am now," he answered fervently. "Believe me I married an angel." But a year later Jimmie was killed in a mine accident. His wife was heartbroken and left Cambourne soon after for her home in the United States. I never heard of her again.

The women of the Lardeau tended their homes, and left the rough business of gold mining to the men. But there was one notable exception. Mrs. Jowette. She was a tall rugged woman who scorned frills and would pack her load as well as the best of man and go prospecting into the mountains alone. In fact, she probably staked more claims than any man, although she had a full-time job as cook and part proprietor of the Trout Lake City Hotel. Among all her claims her favorite was the Foggy Day. Year after year she would trek into the mountains to check on her claims, to do the assessment work required to maintain title, and to look for new strikes. As she grew older she made one concession: she would ride a horse to her claims and take along a pack horse for supplies.

When she turned eighty her son-in-law Andy Dancy, who owned the horses, refused to lend them to her because she was too old. She was furious at him.

A few years ago I visited Trout Lake City and found Mrs. Jowette still operating the hotel in what was practically a ghost town. In the big dining room all the tables were set with snow-white linen and shining silver. I asked her why. "One of these days there will be another boom in the Lardeau," she said simply, "and I want to be ready for it."

Mrs. Jowette was over a hundred years old when she died in a Vancouver hospital, without seeing another Lardeau boom. The Lardeau field started to die in 1908 and by 1909 it was all but abandoned. The Silver Cup was the last survivor. It yielded gold off and on up to 1914. Today this rich and beautiful country is all but deserted and forgotten, except in the memories of the few old survivors who can never forget its years of teeming life and vigor. ★





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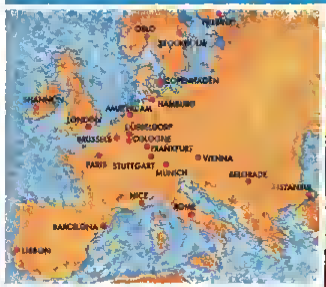
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REPORT FROM BRAZIL

continued from page 27

Francisco San Tiago Dantas, the finance minister resigned though not until he had issued a warning that if anti-inflation measures were relaxed Brazil's future would be "catastrophic."

Notwithstanding the warning, Goulart did slacken credit restrictions. Meanwhile he was confronted with a noisy clamor for a seventy-percent pay increase for the civil service and the armed forces. Representatives of the forces said if he refused the increase he would face the wrath of hungry underpaid troops. Goulart stalled and the cruzeiro continued to drop. By August the army, navy and air force were insisting on an increase not of seventy percent but of one hundred percent and insisting so fiercely that a hundred noncommissioned officers were jailed. Goulart then shoved through a raise of eighty percent for the civil service and the armed forces.

The civil service and the armed forces had a fairly good case. In twelve months prices in Brazil had leaped seventy percent and were still leaping. And Goulart, who draws much of his strength from organized labor, had earlier helped his pet unions obtain exorbitant raises.

But the eighty percent raise for hundreds of thousands in the civil service and the armed forces alarmed the nations underwriting Brazilian development and trying to haul Brazil out of the hole. As I write the United States, Japan, several European countries and the International Monetary Fund are withholding nearly five billion dollars in loans and aid they had previously approved for Brazil, on the grounds that Brazil has reneged on a promise to stabilize its economy.

As badly as outside capital is needed, foreign investors are resented. The government hasn't dared allow a Canadian-owned company, Brazilian Traction, to compensate for the drop in the cruzeiro by upping electric rates in centres it serves. Although more power is required, the company doesn't feel justified in enlarging its generating capacity under the circumstances. When I was in glittering Rio the shortage was so acute that each district had a forty-five-minute blackout every evening to spread the available electricity around.

At the same time the government was negotiating for the assets of Brazilian Traction which was naturally not disinclined to sell. There were rumors that the rate would be doubled or tripled when the transaction was completed. In the prevailing mood of Brazilians, I was told, the government could do this without whistling up a storm but a foreign-held concern could not.

Along with the rise in xenophobia has come a rise in communism in Brazil. Most guesses that I have heard put the number of communists in the country at twenty or thirty thousand but everyone appears convinced of



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two things that the communists have more strength than the size of their movement might indicate, and that conditions in Brazil — notably in northeastern Brazil — are the kind that communism thrives on.

Twenty-five million people, mostly descendants of slaves the Portuguese settlers imported from Africa, live in northeast Brazil which covers twice the area of France and a little more than the area of Ontario. In this region half the babies that are born die within a year and the life expectancy of those who survive is thirty-two or less than half what it would be in Canada. Millions of northeast Brazilians are chronically hungry and because their diet is so inadequate — they subsist on dried corn, black beans and manioc-root flour — at least a tenth of them have tuberculosis. Thirty percent of them have hookworms.

The going wage in northeast Brazil is sixty-five cents a week — enough to buy five and a half pounds of beans. In addition the workers are allowed garden plots in grow food for themselves but the plots are usually located on the poorest land. Celso Furtado, Brazil's minister of economic planning, speaks bitterly of peasants living in the country but unable to grow enough food and suffering hunger almost every day of the year. "Furtado says bluntly: "A revolution of the peasants is not to be ruled out unless there are agrarian reforms."

If such a revolution comes — and many Brazilian intellectuals believe that it is long overdue and that the rich landowners in opposing land redistribution are writing their own death warrants — it will probably be led by Francisco Julião, a dynamic young lawyer who has been busily organizing peasants' leagues. Julião is accused by his opponents of being a communist and may well be one although this is an accusation leveled in Brazil at anybody who maintains that the poor should get enough to eat. He has political aspirations and is one of the very few politicians who has bothered about the peasants of the northeast since the four out of five who can't read or write are disenfranchised by literacy tests.

Julião is blamed for the increasing frequency of demonstrations at sugar estates by aroused peasants who shout threats and flourish machetes and scythes. But thus far the demonstrations have been bloodless and the governor of Pernambuco, the state where they have been centred, shrugs them off by saying that the owners have been "beating up" the peasants for four centuries which is undoubtedly true.

The cane-cutters — Brazil is the second largest producer of cane sugar in the world, topped by Cuba alone — are by no means the only agricultural workers on the verge of rebellion. The workers on coffee plantations — Brazil is by far the largest coffee producer in the world — are equally discontented. A breakdown of the "net coffee dollar" shows that the plantation owner gets thirty-five cents while his laborers, who may outnumber him one hundred to one, share five cents.

Brazil is first in the world in the production of bananas and beans, second in the production of oranges and hogs, third in corn, and fourth in cotton though a mere five percent of its area is under cultivation. Its potential agricultural wealth is so enormous it is hard to realize. But wherever you look, the unfair distribution is the same — the landowners are filthy rich — and those who toil for them from dawn to dark six days a week are dying of hunger.

Rural starvation has driven hundreds of thousands into a desperate march to cities like Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo where industrial workers receive a monthly wage of about thirty-two dollars — a sum that is unimaginably huge to a backcountry Brazilian. Since there is a major unemployment problem the movement more often than not simply means that the unhappy wanderers starve in urban rather than rural surroundings. They live in shacks they build for themselves out of discarded materials they pick up at dumps or steal elsewhere. They don't own the land they build on but are squatters and they never know when they will be driven off by policemen and soldiers.

There is in Brazil a curious tolerance, a gentleness of sorts, a reluctance to resort to violence that permits the shack towns to flourish. This same gentleness is what enabled Brazil to free itself from Portugal without firing a shot and later still without firing a shot to free the Negro slaves. And this gentleness is one of the reasons why the communists are not stronger in a country where the rich are such grasping overlords and the poor are so miserably poor.

I have no idea — and I don't think anyone else has — whether the present crisis will put communists into power in Brazil. But there is a real and serious crisis that conceivably could. If it does they will be Brazilian communists not Russian or Chinese communists. Brazil is too big, strong, individualistic to be a satellite. Even immigrants from its mother Portugal are welcomed with a certain condescension by the child that has outgrown the parent and is more affluent, more beautiful, better educated. In spite of its education deficiencies.

What has brought Brazil to its present crossroads? So far as I could learn the crude factors have been the drop in the coffee prices which are half what they were in 1954, and Brasilia the new capital in the wilderness, the vision and dream on which the former president Juscelino Kubitschek, spent a billion dollars. Kubitschek to give him his due was not just trying to erect a monument to himself. He was trying to create a capital which, unlike Rio de Janeiro, would be in the centre of the gigantic country would pull it together, would distribute and advance progress. So Brasilia rose out of the red dust and the treasury was drained. Government employees dislike living in Brasilia and the politicians dislike going there. Yet there it is, a burden to be borne by people who can't afford roofs to keep the rain off them.

When they felt Brasilia heavy on their shoulders Brazilians turned to a spellbinder named Janio Quadros, expecting him to be their salvation. Quadros, while brilliant, was emotionally unstable. When he had been a state governor he had resigned about once a week but a friendly secretary had held up his letters of resignation until he could reconsider. As president of Brazil he resigned just once and, to his surprise, his resignation was accepted.

João Goulart, the vice-president, succeeded Quadros in spite of opposition from the army. Now in his early forties, Goulart is a handsome, but apparently intellectual man who served his apprenticeship under the dictator Getulio Vargas who shot himself when he was involved in a scandal in 1954. Vargas tended toward the Left. So does Goulart, but he is not so far to the Left that he would spark a revolution or that he would not do all he could to prevent a revolution. Whether he will succeed, though, depends on how soon he can make jobs for the unemployed, how quickly he can feed the hungry, how long it takes him to redistribute land, how honest he is in his avowed purpose of freeing the rich to pay taxes, how earnest he is in his attempts to control endemic disease. And it depends on what is done by the Alliance for Progress, which as I write is hamstrung by the fact that foreign loans in Brazil are being withheld. There are those who think that the only good thing that can happen in Brazil, the one remedy for its grave afflictions, is a class uprising like Cuba's. But, thus far there are more people who hold that civil strife in a nation of such limitless hopes would be a major disaster and that it can be headed off by sensible reforms ★

JASPER — **By Simpkins**



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THE MANY LOVES OF J. B. McGEACHY

continued from page 25

"He adores all women because he's never seen one clearly"

primarily for dinky damsels, he has developed bent shoulders kneecaps that jut out as bonily as hoedad skulls and feet as widely splayed as Charlie Chaplin's. Reading and writing for days and nights on end have so weakened his sight that he must lift a manuscript to within twelve inches of his eyes to check what he has typed. As he walks in the streets he thwacks about him with his trusty stick, like a mad mowing machine, to hack a pathway through the jungle. Many a pedestrian has skipped out of McGeachy's way for fear of being cut down. Despite his instinctual misperceptions and his continuing threat to sidewalk traffic he remains an attractive man. He wears the finest expensive shirts, suits, socks and shoes, candles constantly a fresh from the shower fragrance and permits himself only one touch of artistic negligence — a battered, rakish broadbrimmed hat.

It is almost impossible to define McGeachy's position as a writer. He is in favor, for example, of welfare legislation but he deplores the consequent senescence of the horseatcrey. He is an admirer of British imperialism, yet he writes with compassion about the struggles of new African states. One of his editors says: "There is not a hint of rancor or cruelty in anything McGeachy writes."

Like many writers who were born to battle with the tyranny of nineteenth century puritanism, McGeachy frequently seeks balsam for his wounds in occasional bouts of wine, women and song. When entertaining, he holds forth magnetically in a low, slow, luscious and Atlantic accent, his voice seeming to originate in the depths of an extinct volcano.

A few weeks ago I heard him enlarge at the dinner table on one of his most cherished convictions: that the intimate affairs emotion has always played a more important part than logic. He concluded his lyrical oration with his famous explosive, self-deprecatory laugh, a vocal report that can be spelled roughly as *Heh!* Then impulsively he downed a great draught of Chablis and was soon misting the eyes of the women with a slightly off-key but strangely haunting rendering of *Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair*.

McGeachy places romantic love high on his list of important emotions, contending that its inspiration of art and adornment of personality atone for the unpleasant orgies and consequences ascribed to it by spoil-sport psychologists. When he was a twenty-one-year-old Scottish immigrant in Saskatoon an academic prodigy seeded for a professional career, McGeachy had to choose between going to Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship and remaining where he was, by the side of his first love, a beauty who happened to be married to another chap. Walking with this leader friend along a bank of the Saskatchewan River, McGeachy admitted that the scholarship presented a temptation. At once his inamorata jumped into the stream. McGeachy dived in after her and, during the splash and flurry of hauling her to safety, decided that love is more compelling than learning.

McGeachy describes this incident as "the watershed of my life." This is true for it faced him with the problem of choosing a career immediately. He became a reporter on the Saskatoon *Star Phoenix*, and within four years its youngest editor ever. When inevitably love betrayed him, he sublimated his grief in wandering journalism, moving on to Winnipeg, Washington and London, and returning to Canada after the war to settle by chance in Toronto.

In these years McGeachy has rarely allowed journalism to interfere with love. In 1941, when he was in London with the BBC, his employers sent him to Washington to await the expected announcement of the U.S. entry into the war. McGeachy accepted the invitation of a Yankee Messalina to a weekend in the country, and so absorbing were the purposes of this occasion that McGeachy had neither the time nor the inclination to listen to the radio. He heard about Pearl Harbor twenty-four hours after the rest of the world, via the radio in the cab that carried him back to the city. For his failure to flash the spot news to the BBC in London McGeachy was vilified. He made some attempt at expiation with a studious summary of American reaction to the event, based as most such summaries are on the viewpoint of an obliging taxi-driver.

The peripatetic nature of journalism and the fickleness of women kept McGeachy a bachelor until he was nearly fifty. In 1946, soon after he had settled in Toronto, he brought across the Atlantic to the altar Cynthia Foley, a London-born Scots Irish actress, a gay, winsome, affectionate woman who adores her husband and embroiders his social presence. Cynthia and Hamish McGeachy address each other in company as "my own dear life," "my precious sweetheart," "my darling lamb," "my little lovey duck," and "skookams." The marriage has been idyllic, perhaps because, in McGeachy's words: "Cynthia doesn't mind too much if I flirt just a little with other women."

Tommy Tweed, the CBC actor and writer, thinks that McGeachy, his friend of thirty years, adores all women because he has never seen one clearly. In Tweed's opinion, McGeachy's short sight is a blessing: "It enables Hamish to visualize all women as beautiful. He lives in a world peopled almost entirely by mistresses, chanteuses. No wonder he's so poetic."

His personal style has always been at least as poetic as his essays. Old colleagues recall that in his early days on the *Star Phoenix*, McGeachy's fine tailoring and debonair manners stood in sharp contrast to the more Bohemian mien of the lesser scribblers. They certainly impressed his hosses. One day McGeachy was summoned to an exclusive Saskatoon club for his first lunch with the owner of the *Star Phoenix*, Sir Clifford Sifton. "I thought," McGeachy recalls, "that it would be advisable to rehearse an opening conversational gambit suitable to an old gentleman of such riches and distinction." At lunch McGeachy voiced a long, well-rehearsed question to Sir Clifford's enormous ear trumpet.

Sir Clifford roared: "Eh?"

McGeachy repeated his question in a louder voice.

Sir Clifford bellowed: "Eh? Wassat?"

By this time a hush had fallen over the dining room. Eating and service had ceased. Every ear in the club was cocked toward the table at which sat the great old man with his youngest editor.

McGeachy took a deep breath and hurtled into the ear trumpet a question of which he was now heartily sick: *"TELL ME, SIR CLIFFORD, DO YOU THINK THE PRAIRIES WILL EVER SEE AGAIN SO GREAT AND SO BENEFICIAL A WAVE OF BRITISH IMMIGRATION AS THAT FOR WHICH YOU, A FEW YEARS AGO, WERE SO RENOWNEDLY RESPONSIBLE?"*

Sir Clifford looked at McGeachy with shining eyes and said: "A very good question."

McGeachy says: "From that moment on I didn't say a word. Sir Clifford did all the talking."

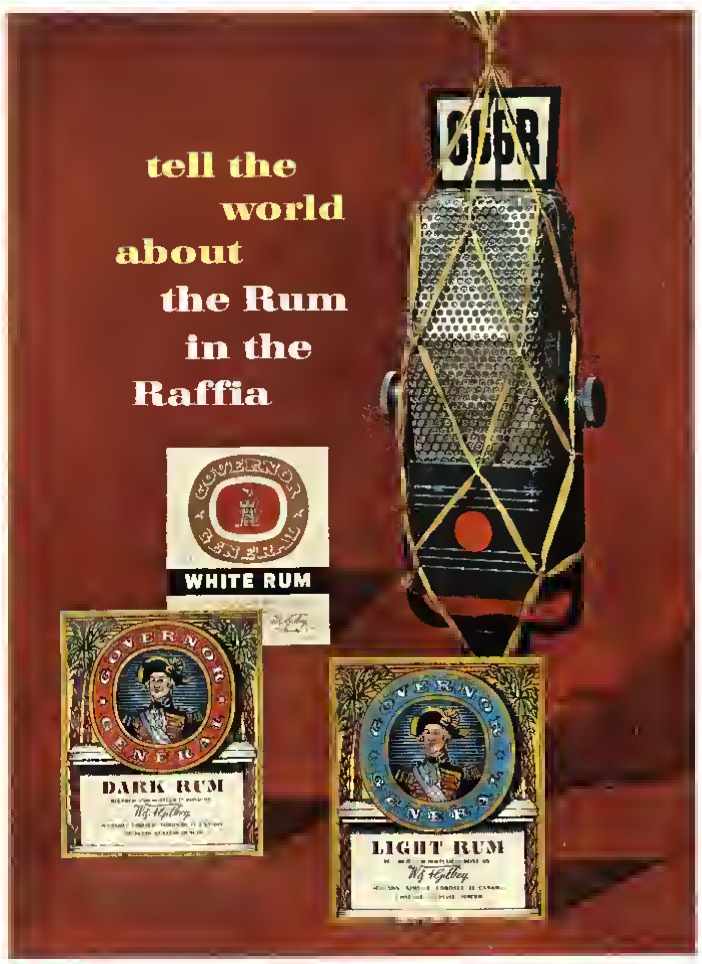
On the way out of the club Sir Clifford and McGeachy encountered one of the Sifton sons, a man who was to receive the *Star Phoenix* as a gift. To his son Sir Clifford said: "Keep an eye on McGeachy. A very bright young fellow."

McGeachy considers that he was stupid rather than bright when he accidentally unleashed upon Canada the Social Credit party. In 1928 McGeachy played host in his Saskatoon apartment to Maurice Colbourne, an actor touring with an English company of Shavian repertory players. Colbourne, a political thinker on the side, had written a book, *Unemployment or War*, in praise of the monetary theories of Major C. H. Douglas, and he asked McGeachy if there might be a sale for his book in western Canada. McGeachy put him in touch with the operators of the mobile libraries that carried learning across the plains. The result was an order for a dozen copies.

Four years later a tattered copy fell into the hands of William Aberhart, the fiery lay preacher of Calgary. A month passed before Aberhart bothered to read it. When he began it he finished it in a night. "Eureka!" cried Aberhart and forthwith created the Social Credit Party.

McGeachy writes: "It is a cautionary tale, pathetic, hilarious but also frightening because what happened in Alberta could happen again somewhere else given the same fortuitous combination of hard times, religious fanaticism, sexual scandal and a prophet of pseudo-Masonic dimensions."

McGeachy has always enjoyed making



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"I was the best business getter in my old outfit—wasn't happy until I started my own. It wasn't easy. On the road most of the time, I tried to get back to my office Friday. Even so, I sometimes spent Saturday morning answering inquiries, sending out bills, cheques, literature. Wetting stamps and sealing envelopes seemed to be the last straw. When I learned about the little Pitney-Bowes postage meter, I got one pronto."

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ing fun of politicians. Esse Ljungh CBC drama supervisor, was a colleague of McGeachy during his years on the Winnipeg *Free Press*. He recalls that members of the Manitoba provincial legislature, when concluding a speech "always looked up at the press gallery as if saying to Hamish 'Wes that okay?' If they noticed that Hamish was sound asleep which he often was they looked most relieved."

As a correspondent for the Sifton papers, McGeachy reported the outbreak of the Second World War from London. Shortly afterwards he resigned from Sifton's group to join the overseas service of the BBC. Apart from his wartime visit to Washington, he was in London throughout the conflict. Twice a day throughout most of the war, McGeachy spoke dispatches, one to North America, the other to South America. He became famous as "the voice of Canada in London."

In 1945 he returned to Canada from London with the intention of taking a brief holiday in Montreal and Toronto. The scale of his welcome overwhelmed him. Many of his old Prairie colleagues had moved east during the war and were waiting to lete him. One Toronto party was in McGeachy's words, "the most Homeric of my life." It lasted two weeks. McGeachy long overstayed his BBC leave.

There came a telephone call from Sir William Haley, director general of the BBC in London. "McGeachy," said Sir William, "your holiday is over. When do you intend to return?" McGeachy admitted he was not quite sure. "Then," said Sir William, "our relationship is severed."

McGeachy's recovery was remorseful and penurious. But the pain didn't last long. He was offered a job as an editorial writer on the Toronto *Globe and Mail* by its publisher, the late George McCullagh.

Editorial writers normally are anonymous, but McGeachy preserved his fame by radio and television work and by public speaking. One of his radio programs, *Now I Ask You*, a sort of superior quiz show with panelists Ralph Allen, James Bannerman and Morley Callaghan, is still running, after fifteen years. On television McGeachy averaged two appearances weekly. Once, on Nathan Cohen's *Fighting Words*, he appeared with *Maclean's* writer Barbara Moon. In advertently Miss Moon poured herself a long drink from McGeachy's water carafe and sank it at a gulp. Thereafter she said not a word for she had been robbed of her voice and her wits by six ounces of straight gin.

In 1957 Oakley Dalgleish, who succeeded George McCullagh, decided that McGeachy was making too many appearances outside the office and too few inside. And so at fifty-seven McGeachy found himself unemployed. He slipped into one of the deep troughs of despair that have characterized much of his life, but *The Financial Post* soon pulled him out of it by offering him an associate editorship and freedom to write what he liked, when he liked. On *The Post* over the past seven years, McGeachy has penned his greatest work.

The opinions of the mature McGeachy are frequently unorthodox. **On the cold war:** "As it looks to me, the U.S. and Russia must some time come together as partners in the management of the world." **On colonialism:** "Imperialism, on balance, I judge to be one of humanity's most brilliant political ideas and the advantages it has brought to countless Africans and Asians are quite beyond computation." **On democracy:** "It is a virtue in our system, not a flaw, that we can make fun of politicians, pay attention to slogans, let emotion be our guide. We can afford these luxuries because our leaders, though liable to err, are never sinister; we can trust even the most foolish of them to do their best for us, their clients and bosses."

The scholarship that McGeachy wears today with easy grace is rooted in the Greek and Latin he swotted at Glasgow Academy, a distinguished Scottish private school. McGeachy's father, an affluent furniture manufacturer, a stern pious man with a substantial home in Kilmacolm, on the outskirts of Glasgow, wanted young Hamish to go into the ministry of the Presbyterian church. McGeachy's mother, a blithe, intellectual woman, soon recognized that her son's bright mind would never be confined within the limits of theology.

McGeachy and his sister Barbara, now a medical doctor in England, had a merry childhood in spite of their father's severity and rectitude. The degree to which McGeachy inherited his mother's sense of humor is reflected in one of his essays about his boyhood. He is describing his father's lack of judgment in engaging an allmeison for a social evening at the Kilmacolm Literary Society, an attraction advertised as "George Johnson's Entertainers. Refined Educational, A Treat for the Whole Family."

"On a snowy evening," writes McGeachy, "Mr. Johnson and colleagues, male and female, arrived at [illegible] our house. My mother, who had prepared a spread for them, found them spine-chilling. They didn't look refined to her. They attacked the decanters with what seemed like excessive gusto. I remember only snatches of the performance. At one point the star, no other than Johnson himself, heaved a large custard pie at the comedienne. Whether Hollywood picked up the idea from Paisley I do not know but the pie landed, exploded and trickled in the style that California later made famous. The comedienne obliged with a Rabelaisian song involving cabbages and leeks, followed by a dance that called for a lavish display of red-flannel drawers. Then there was a fellow who was apparently suffering from an infestation of bugs and fleas. Clad in long woolen combinations, he liberally doused his person with Keatings powder, popular then with man and beast. Looking like a sack of flour, he ended by firing revolver blanks into his armpits and then jumped through a prop window backstage. These were only the higher cultural moments in an evening that was long famous in Kilmacolm's history."

McGeachy senior made a second misjudgment shortly before World War One when furniture manufacturers were suffering from a shortage of mahogany. He invested most of the family fortune in a supposed treasure trove of mahogany groves in Kansas. The promoters of the company were crooks. The money was lost. And so the McGeachys emigrated to Saskatoon, where the head of the house restored his family to comfort if not to riches by dealing in the real estate business.

McGeachy continued his classical studies, working far into the night. He was a schoolboy wonder. Majoring in modern history, he became a bachelor of arts of the University of Saskatchewan at eighteen, a master of arts of the University of Toronto at nineteen. He did a year's postgraduate work at Princeton. "There," he says, "I was introduced to the fleshpots." He returned to Saskatoon to find a Rhodes Scholarship awaiting him. "I suppose," he says, "I'd have followed an academic career if I had not fallen in love." ★

PARADE

Geriatric note

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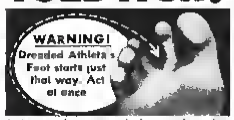
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TRAGEDY OF A SEX CRIMINAL

Continued from page 24

In the pen Dion was a trusted prisoner who worked hard. He was not known as a homosexual

1958 the Royal Commission on the Criminal Law Relating to Criminal Sexual Psychopaths, under Mr Justice J C McRuer, heard expert testimony on the question of whether such criminals could be so treated that they could return to human society and live normal lives. The answer the commission decided was in doubt. But the commission came eventually to the conclusion that most civilized men have reached in modern times — the state should try. In the case of Leopold Dion it can be argued, the state did not try very hard.

A HOOK-NOSED MAN sobbing in the witness box, handcuffed on either side to a policeman. Dion told the Quebec City coroner's jury how he had picked up the four boys — one on April 20, two of them together on May 5, another on May 26 — in a car. Taken them to isolated places in the country and strangled them when they resisted his attempts to use them sexually. The first time, Dion said, he killed out of fear. "I didn't want him to tell anybody because I would have to go back to the penitentiary." The remaining three boys he apparently expected to kill for he seems to have made some preparations.

After he told his story, the jury judged Dion criminally responsible and the following day he was charged with murder. Dion is now in the hands of an institution: the prison at Quebec. For him this is not unusual: of his forty-three years, he has already spent more than thirty in various institutions.

He was born in 1920, the son of a Canadian army sergeant and he contracted tuberculosis as an infant. He was placed in a hospital staffed by nuns, and there he spent much of his childhood being wrapped once a week by his parents. When he was eleven he was told he had grown strong and could go home, and he arrived just in time for Christmas. He found his brother Rolland — the only other child — a stranger, but that was still as close to a happy Christmas as anything he could remember. His happiness ended just four days after it started: his father and mother had decided to separate and put their sons in an orphanage. Again Dion was placed in the care of nuns, and he stayed with them till he was fourteen, when they sent him home to his mother. Immediately he was sent to another orphanage, this one run by religious brothers. Rolland Dion recalls now that his brother's one desire in those years was to get away from institutions. finally, Leopold persuaded his father to take him home, and at sixteen he left the orphanage. He was strong, he worked with his father in a rock quarry from 7 a.m. until 7 p.m., and he grew stronger. Rolland and Leopold occasionally saw their mother in this period, by hitchhiking thirty miles to her home.

The record shows that it was on Aug. 31, 1937, at the age of seventeen, that Dion first came into contact with the law. He was convicted of gross indecency and sent to jail for four months. Two years later, in 1939, shortly after he joined the army, he was charged with an offense far more serious: the attempted murder of a prostitute. He was acquitted on this charge but the judge, who heard the case, later wrote that "he escaped justice, by lack of evidence, when he was clearly guilty." Then, in April 1940, he and his brother Rolland were charged with the rape of a young woman on a lonely stretch of railroad track near Pont-Rouge. Rolland had a rifle. Leopold a knife. They threatened the woman, raped her, and threatened to kill her if she went to the police. She testified against them and Leopold received a life sentence and the Irish Rolland ten years in the penitentiary. (Rolland was not in trouble again; today he has a wife and children and a steady job.)

From that point until 1956 the federal government of Canada had Leopold Dion in its care in the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary at Montreal. Dion was in some ways a model prisoner. He kept to himself, worked hard, learned something of the tinsmith's craft and for some time was in charge of stores in the metalwork shop. He was trusted to handle tools that could have been dangerous in the hands of a dangerous man, but there is no record that he misused them. He was never involved in a serious incident with any other prisoner, and people who were in the prison at the time claim that he was not known as a homosexual. Prisoners usually dislike sex criminals and keep away from them, and apparently by most of the convicts at St. Vincent kept away from Dion.

In these years, Dion and his fellow prisoners in the Canadian penitentiaries were the subject of some significant public debates. In the 1930s the new science of penology was making its influence felt in Canada, and penal reform was an issue in parliament. Agnes Macphail, the Toronto CCF member among others, was demanding that the prison system be radically revised. In 1936 the government set up a Royal Commission to investigate the Penal System of Canada, under Mr. Justice Joseph Archambault. The commission uncovered a prison system which was antiquated and incompetently run, which offered convicts few opportunities for reform, and which relied heavily on brutality. The commission recommended that Canada stop emphasizing punishment of prisoners and instead try to reform as many of them as possible. One of the Archambault commission's discoveries was that there were no psychiatrists attached to Canadian penitentiaries, and on this point following the most humane advice of the time the commission made its feelings clear.

"It is now generally recognized that the services of a psychiatrist are also essential if a thorough examination is to be made and proper treatment is to be given to each individual prisoner.

"From that point of view it is necessary that a full-time psychiatrist should be provided for the larger institutions, and at least a part-time psychiatrist for the smaller ones."

One psychiatrist for 1,200 men

When Léopold Dion arrived at St. Vincent de Paul in 1940 there was no full-time psychiatrist. When he left there in 1956, on his first parole, there was still no full-time psychiatrist. There is none today.

While Dion was there, however, St. Vincent de Paul had one part-time psychiatrist (five half-days a week) to deal with whatever psychiatric problems might arise among twelve hundred men. Dr. Brune Cormier of McGill University held the part-time position at St. Vincent de Paul in 1956, and holds it still. He saw Dion. But he did *not* give him anything that could be called psychotherapy, and Dr. Cormier would be the last man to claim he did.

With that many prisoners," Dr. Cormier said recently, "you have to be acutely ill to be treated. We provide for emergencies, that's all we can do. You may have thirty patients hospitalized, you have to make reports to the parole board, and that takes up most of your time. A prisoner who can function — who can walk around and look normal — is Dion did — rarely gets to see the psychiatrist, no matter what his crime may have been. Today Dr. Cormier says:

"If someone can give me the name of one penitentiary prisoner in Canada who has received proper psychotherapy, I would be very interested in knowing the name of the institution involved."

Dion was paroled from St. Vincent de Paul in 1956. The following year he was in trouble again, when his second conviction for gross indecency sent him back to jail. He was transferred to Kingston Penitentiary in 1958.

That was the year Mr. Justice McRuer's commission reported on the law relating to sexual psychopaths. The published report included a statement from Dr. J. M. O'Connor, who was in that time spending five half-days a week as a psychiatrist at Kingston. When asked about possible treatment of those sentenced as criminal sexual psychopaths, he stated:

"To put it very bluntly, I am not making any effort to treat anyone so convicted in Kingston Penitentiary, because the attendant difficulties to therapy are so great as to make it very questionable if I am not wasting my time. The pressure from the mentally sick in the prison and those who are actually disturbed is so great that I own scarcely keep up with it, let alone try long term intensive therapy which is what these people would re-

St. Vincent de Paul:

THE WAY IT IS NOW

Leopold Dion spent sixteen years of his life, from age nineteen to age thirty-five, in the federal penitentiary of St. Vincent de Paul at Montreal. The following report on conditions there today is by Edmund Murphy, who represents the American Broadcasting Company and four Canadian radio stations in Ottawa. Murphy visited St. Vincent de Paul in July; he was the first journalist to see it since the riot there fourteen months ago.

A GAUNT, GLAZED LIFER shoved a handful of scrawls through the bars of his cell. "Here, take these out side with you." I stared in disbelief at the cockroaches and bedbugs in his hand. This was St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary in the summer of 1963.

It was at St. Vincent that the prisoners started a fire last year that gutted ninety percent of the buildings and did about a million dollars in damage. It was at St. Vincent that a guard and an inmate were killed last year in a fight. I was in there touring the prison for a day with three MPs from the parliamentary penitentiary committee. Although I was told beforehand that conditions were appalling, what I saw was beyond belief.

At St. Vincent de Paul, human beings are:

- Crammed in cells less than seven paces long and forty four inches wide, which are overrun by rats, cockroaches and bedbugs.
- Forced to eat their meals in their cells sitting beside a bucket of human waste, the stench overpowering. (Many cells have no toilets and buckets are provided they are emptied once a day.)
- Allowed only a small jug of water daily which they must use for drinking, washing and cleaning their plates and cutlery.

I interviewed twenty-one convicts at St. Vincent. Their list of complaints was endless — putrid food, inadequate medical attention, little if any psychiatric treatment, unfair treatment by guards — and confinement twenty-four hours a day. Medical treatment was a special grievance: the men claimed that the system under which guards decided whether a prisoner needed to see a doctor simply wasn't working. A prisoner would tell a guard he was sick, the guard might decide to get him a doctor three weeks later. One convict told me he had his nose broken in the May riot and had not yet seen a doctor.

St. Vincent de Paul was condemned in 1938 and since then various boards and commissions have exposed it as the stinking hole that it is. If anything, their descriptions seem mild in 1963.

EDWARD MURPHY

PARADE

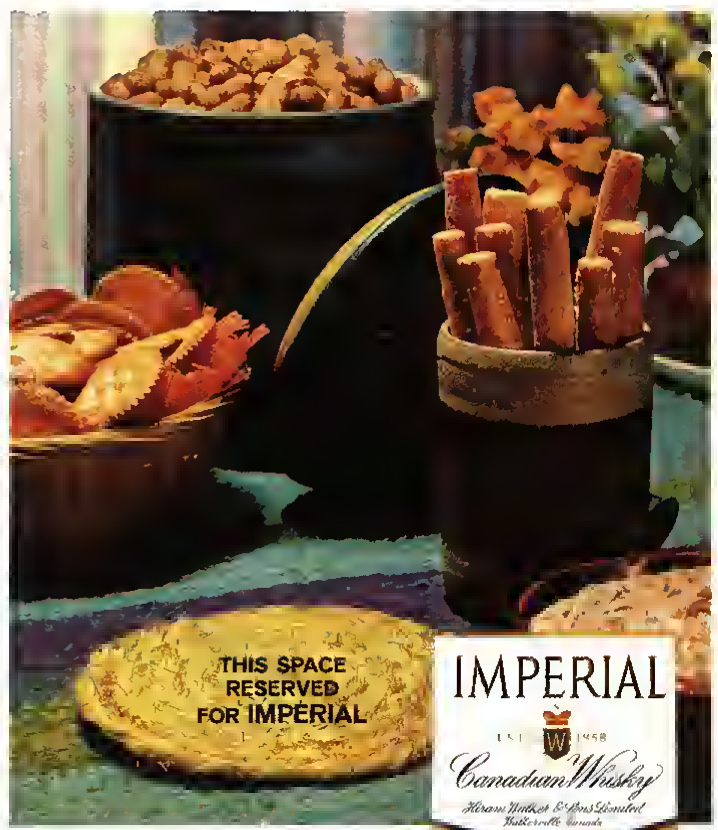
Out of first

Firmly warning written on the blackboard in an Ottawa collegiate: "Any

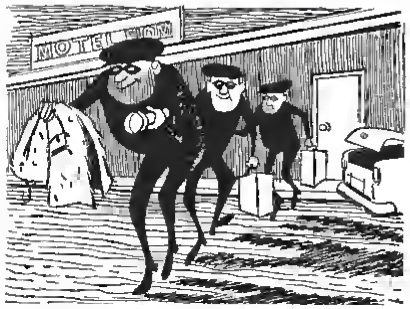


transistor radios confiscated in this class will be held until the end of the World Series."

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PORTRAIT OF A MISSING MINK

Here's what happened recently to a Toronto couple on their way to Florida. Tired after a long day's driving, they stopped overnight at a motel in Virginia and retired without fully unpacking.

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quite if one is going to do anything. Seeing them once a month is useless.'

In 1962 Léopold Dion of Kingston Penitentiary, was seeing the psychiatrist once a month—twenty-five years after his first conviction for gross indecency, twenty-two years after his conviction for rape, and five years after his second conviction for gross indecency.

But that once-a-month appointment with the psychiatrist was an improvement on the treatment available to Dion when he entered penitentiary — not the sort of improvement likely to make much difference, but an improvement nevertheless. As A. J. MacLeod, the commissioner of penitentiaries, puts it, "It's probably true that not everyone who can profit from psychiatric care can get it, but the amount of attention available is probably five times what it was twenty years ago." Twenty years ago, of course, there was almost none at all.

Bad buildings and underpaid workers

The penitentiary system which MacLeod runs has, on its approved establishment, places for nineteen full-time psychologists as well as the part-time psychiatrists. Of these positions, only nine are filled at the moment because the salary, about $5,500 a year, isn't high enough to attract the sort of skilled professional psychologist who might be of some help to the prisoners. And this is the sort of problem MacLeod has been grappling with ever since he became commissioner in 1960: the prison system is full of bad buildings and underpaid workers. The prison population increased by thirty-five percent during the period 1957-1962, but the space didn't increase nearly that much. The prisons are overcrowded, and even the ordinary prisoners, those who don't require any highly specialized help are not properly cared for. (Edward Murphy's report on St. Vincent de Paul which accompanies this article, describes conditions there today.)

These considerations aren't as remote from the more abrasive issue, Dion's parole, as they might seem at first glance. If Dion had been involved in psychotherapy, the parole board might have had a chance to know more about him than it did know, if the penitentiary service had an adequate staff of psychologists, perhaps they would have helped to prepare more adequate assessments of Dion's chances outside. But even within these limitations, did the parole board take every precaution before it released Dion in 1962? That question was raised by Charles Edouard Cantin, the quiet, experienced deputy attorney-general of Quebec. His public statement after Dion's confession was that of an appalled and deeply disturbed public official.

Cantin had turned up in the files a letter that Judge Dutton Cannon wrote to the federal remissions service about Dion in 1947. Judge Cannon had tried Dion both for the attempted murder and the rape, and he wrote: "I maintain that he ought to remain in prison for his whole sentence (life) taking into consideration his past record and the atrocious nature of the rape of which he was found guilty. I don't think parole should ever be granted."

In 1954 the Quebec attorney-general's office was asked to comment on parole for Dion, and it merely supported Judge Cannon's statement. In 1956, when parole was actually granted, the attorney-general's department was not consulted, nor was it consulted Cantin said, before the second parole was granted, last year.

Cantin spoke to Judge T. G. Street, the chairman of the National Parole Board after the murder of the four boys, and now he told reporters:

"To my great astonishment, Judge George Street, who admitted having signed the parole papers for Dion, said that he had never seen Judge Cannon's letter nor those of the attorney-general's department of Quebec.

"What is more grave: Judge Street did not recall that after Dion's parole in 1956, he was arrested and condemned for gross indecency. His memory did not seem to go farther than the examination of comportment files at Kingston and the reports of the psychologists and psychiatrists."

PARADE

Où est le roi?

Imperial Oil's travel service has had another big tourist season, helping Canadians to get to know each other better — particularly bicultural and bilingually. One of the handiest phrases offered in its booklet for English-speaking tourists traveling in Quebec who want to *Say it in French*, undoubtedly has been the French for "Take me to a castle."

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WHITE HORSE

LIGHT & LIVELY, YE KEN

On all these issues Judge Street simply says that they are still before the courts and still before parliament and it would be inappropriate for anyone from the board to comment on them.

WE EMPHASIZE AGAIN: It rote Mr. Justice McRuer and his colleagues in 1958: "That responsible medical authorities do not take an optimistic view of the possibility of successful treatment of sexually perverted persons and that the public mind should be disabused of the idea that there are known cures." Nevertheless, in view of the fact that in some cases persons of this class have been helped toward recovery, every effort should be put forth both within and without penal institutions to assist those who may be helped.

The case of Léopold Dion provides another argument in support of the McRuer Commission's findings. Psychiatrists can learn about sex criminals only by treating them, and they must learn far more than they know now before they can find ways to prevent disastrous errors like the Dion parole. Probably the events near Quebec City last spring will move the country one step closer to the point at which the efforts the McRuer Commission described will actually be put forth. Meanwhile, Léopold Dion has been charged on four counts of capital murder, the mandatory penalty for which is death by hanging. ★

PARADE

Charity begins next door

A Halifax businessman whose home lies next door to the shop he manages has frequently been annoyed to discover prosperous citizens parking their cars off in evening in the parking lot reserved for the firm's trucks. So the other night when he returned from a meeting to find the lot practically jammed



with cars he briefly went looking for a cop found one—and watched with great satisfaction as the officer hung a ticket on each vehicle. Then he went into the house and found his wife entertaining a group of church ladies all of whom had been delighted by the convenient free parking offered next door.

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BILL FREEDMAN'S PROBLEM

continued from page 18

Toby knew what she wanted when she married everything

Salad Days Bill Freedman was still suffering from being under the shadow of his famous father — a successful movie-theatre owner — and his even more successful wife.

As he prepares his current trip to Broadway Freedman is much more his own man, freer to travel with his show and devote all his time to it and after years of being pushed around in business ready to stand his ground. Now he is convinced that he could have saved *Salad Days* from its New York flop if only he could have been there in person. his own brand of promotion. "I tried to persuade the press agent to do some gimmicks — like giving away salads — but he thought it was ridiculous," says neighborhood theatre chief. "That wouldn't happen again," he says now five years later. "I'd just tell him to do it and no arguments. I'm a big boy now."

With the same sense of new confidence Freedman has launched another project, which if it comes off could bring more acclaim and cold cash than even a Broadway hit. He has just paid thirty thousand dollars of his own money for a novel called *The Flight of the Dancing Bear* written by an American but set in Russia. Freedman thinks he can make a movie of this book in the Russian-like wilds of northern Ontario. Since only about half the movie projects announced in *Hollywood* ever get on the screen and the record in Canada is less than ten percent, Freedman's plan may sound like the rankest naivete. But Freedman has succeeded — or nearly succeeded — where most other angels would have feared to tread before.

Bill's father, Ben, a Russian-Jewish scholar's son who had lost money in the dress business but made it from owning movie theatres and exhibiting movies, wanted Bill to become a lawyer. But almost by accident he pointed him toward the career. Bill is so thickly involved in today. He appointed him, at seventeen, manager of the Royal Theatre in a Toronto neighborhood plagued by the lippy drape-shaped Beaucry Boys of the postwar period. He did surprisingly well with it — with lots of advice from his father. "He used to say," Bill recalls, "When you've got an idea try it. If I goofed he'd never say, 'I told you so.' He'd say, 'Let's talk it over and then try not to do it again.'" Ben Freedman figured if it was worth spending money on university, it was worth opening it to have Bill learn business. At university, Bill learned so much about business one way or another that he didn't graduate. Perhaps his only distinction on the University of Toronto campus was the production of an undergraduate review that accomplished the unheard-of feat of making money. With the profits of the *revue* behind him, he felt he could try for a date with the campus belle. Toby Robins already a model, TV performer and an actress with agents in New York and Hollywood, Toby had recently broken loose from a boy friend of four years' standing.

Bill the first time he called, Bill was still on nervous he hung up without saying a word. When he called again, Toby recalled recently, "I said I had two tickets to the theatre and it was all right with me if he wanted to come along. Three months later they became engaged.

"An actress!" said Bill's mother when she heard the news. "Now I'll never have any grandchildren!" Toby's mother was a little happier. "I'm not sure which one Bill Freedman is," one family legend quotes her as saying, "but my Toby could have any man she wanted, and if she picked him he must be all right."

After the first surprise, the families settled for the fact that their wandering children had married Jewish. And the backgrounds were close enough — Bill's grandparents came from Russia, Toby's parents from Poland — that a long standing family friendship between her uncle and his grandfather was soon discovered, like a good omen.

It took Bill a while to find his feet. "I started to grow up when I was twenty-seven," he now says. That was 1956, the year of the first production of *Salad Days*, a British musical they had seen and loved on their honeymoon. "When my father saw the budget he thought I was crazy." But Bill had an idea and he was going to try it. He spent fifteen thousand dollars and used the trick he'd learned out at the Royal Theatre to promote the show; he gave away free salads on Bloor Street to attract attention. When the show cleared fourteen thousand dollars, Bill bought his father a Cadillac. "Of course, I wouldn't drive a Cadillac myself," he says.

Bill put Toby's name on *Salad Days* as producer because he thought it would be a good publicity gimmick. It was, but the next time he felt sure enough of himself to use his own name. *Visit to a Small Planet* which he and Barry Morse produced had an all-star Toronto cast of Toby Robins (their first professional association) Jack Creley, John Drainie, Robert Goulet, Joyce Mallett, Barry Morse and Austin Willis. *Planet* made several thousand dollars.

"My father always used to say, 'You don't bet when you're up. You don't bet when you're down. You bet when you're up.'" Accordingly Freedman prepared to put on Broadway. He tried to raise one hundred thousand dollars, failed in it and decided to settle for off-Broadway with a restaged *Salad Days*. Freedman and Morse put up all the money, some twenty thousand dollars. Armed with another few thousand from the Toronto tryout, they moved into an odd theatre in a hotel, the Harbizon Plaza, where the show died slowly in three months. The profits from *Planet* went down the drain, too.

In 1959 another Freedman production, *Fun for the Seventh*, starring Toby Robins and George McGowan, again lost money, but not very much. Bill likes to say that all his shows make money. With the profits of the *revue* behind him, he felt he could try for a date with the campus belle. Toby Robins already a model, TV

continued on cr[illegible]

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CKCO-TV Ch 13 Kitchener	Sept 28	Sat.	2:00 p.m.
CFPL-TV Ch 10 London	Sept 29	Sun.	12:00 noon
CKCW-TV Ch 11 Moncton	Oct 6	Sun.	1:00 p.m.
CFCF-TV Ch 12 Montreal	to be announced		
CJOH-TV Ch 13 Ottawa	Sept. 29	Sun.	11:30 a.m.
CKPR-TV Ch 7 Sault Ste. Marie	Oct 6	Sun.	1:00 p.m.
CJKS-TV Ch 9 Sudbury	Oct 6	Sun.	12:00 noon
CKSO-TV Ch 3 Toronto-Hamilton	Oct 6	Sun.	12:00 noon
CHCH-TV Ch 11 Winnipeg	Sept 29	Sat.	4:00 p.m.
CJAY-TV Ch 7	to be announced		

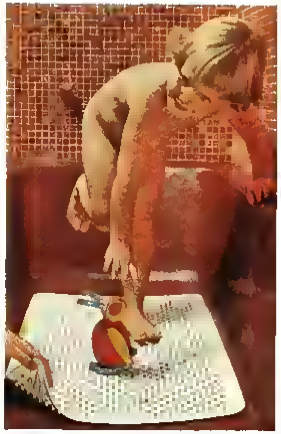
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man who has worked on all Bill's shows says Freedman succeeds where others fail because he's a professional. Most of the others are frustrated something-or-others who put on a show to give themselves work." Freedman prides himself on paying well.

He also prides himself on doing business the nice way, holding no brief for New York style rudeness. He has still not forgotten the Broadway producer in a gold lamé shirt who chomped on a cigar throughout their interview and opened his mouth just once to say: "Not interested."

Two years ago Ben Freedman died. Bill stayed up nights with him in hospital and, as he says, "finished growing up." But he still doesn't count himself a really stable person. "All our friends think I'm the one who stabilizes Toby and I tell her she's extravagant, but she's not. She's the one who stabilizes me."

Bill has exercised a strong influence on his famous wife's career. In the nervous early years he applied the brakes for fear of a runaway success. As her gained confidence and experience he's become a heffer in grain and finally an employer. He screens the many requests she gets to do commercials, and they discuss all acting offers. During the long negotiations with the CBC over Toby's demand for a raise in pay for *Front Page Challenge*, Bill did the talking, while she stayed home. "Fellows," he would say, "I will gladly go and take her place on the show for four twenty-five, but for Toby the fee is four fifty."

One way or another, Toby has forfeited or refused enough work to make a whole career for another actress. But it would be wrong to imply that this was all Bill's doing. "Bill has control of my affairs because I want him to have," she asserts fiercely. Like Nora in Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, Toby gives the impression of girlish ineptitude, but in fact she's pretty determined. She knew what she wanted when she married Bill: everything. She wanted a sound marriage, children, a beautiful home and a brilliant career. She now has all but the dramatic career, and as a result is more inclined to concentrate on getting there before. "If you stay at home, you're frustrated, if you don't you feel guilty," she says. "I feel you build a life rather than a career. A career alone is barren. At forty you can be a lonely has-been with nothing." Toby is thirty-one, give or take a year; she keeps changing it, and Bill is now so confused he can't remember.

Toby is home-struck *and* stage-struck. Both stem from her loneliness as a child. "I remember screaming and begging my mother not to leave the house. She worked in my father's dress business, and I was terrified of the woman who was looking after us. Being alone," she said as she began to make up her face for a photographic session, "I had more time to fantasize." She loved to dress up and pretend, and she read all the fairy tales a library card could get her.

The late Moss Hart had a theory that the theatre is the inevitable refuge of the unhappy child. At the age of five Toby remembers she played Mother Bear sitting the porridge. "I didn't even get to play Goldilocks," she adds as though wondering why she wasn't more successful even then. By twelve she had convinced her parents to let her have dramatic lessons. At sixteen she was discovered by Mayor Moore, then directing for the New Play Society.

Even today clothes still hold a certain magic for Toby. She has a huge wardrobe (custom made and from her father's store) with a couple of spectacular items like a full-length feather evening cape. "I love adventure in clothes," she said, carefully choosing a red skirt and blue sweater for the camera's eye. In public she dresses as the glamour queen that she thinks her public expects her to be. Otherwise people will say, 'Look at that hag. She's not nearly as beautiful as she was on TV.'"

Where Bill values professionalism above all else, Toby wants most of all to be a cultural kind of success like Anne Bancroft in *The Miracle Worker*. She was ready to work for nothing in order to play the lead in Jean Anouilh's *Point of Departure* but when a soap company asked her to do a commercial she said, "I'm very expensive," and asked for $10,000. They didn't come back.

She's sensitive about her beauty. "People say I've got where I have because of my looks. It's not true. How many good looking women are there in Canada with fifteen years' acting experience?"

There have been a number of things Toby was determined to do in her lifetime and so far she has achieved them all. She wanted and earned a BA. Her mother bet she couldn't make a dress. She did, and wore it once. Many people thought she'd never work out as a panelist on *Front Page Challenge*. But she read up about all the unpleasant things that happen in headlines and eventually guessed as many news stories as Gordon Sinclair or Pierre Berton.

The photographer arrived at her house to take the picture on the cover. Toby with whom I'd been talking for four solid hours, jumped up and said she didn't feel as tired as when we began. "It's so delicious to talk about

PARADE

What about a pear tree?

We're sorry to report that a Wine peg family's noble effort to cut the high cost of living has come to nothing. Last spring they told *Parade* with high hopes that they had discovered their Christmas tree lying forgotten at the back of the yard in a snowdrift all winter was so green and luxuriant when April came that they replanted it with high hopes of saving the price of a new tree *next* Christmas. But we've just had a belated report that the first flare the mice of the house gave the tree a good soaking with the hose the cones all fell off and the whole tree shriveled up, and he's come to the end conclusion it was the fire-prevention spray he'd used on the tree that kept it embalmed all winter.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes. Address Parade c/o Maclean's.



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myself," she said. "I feel like I've had a free psychoanalysis."

When Bill Freedman decided to take another play to Broadway, his problems were of the kind that couldn't be solved by psychoanalysis. Even though there are scores of frustrated playwrights roaming the streets, producible plays are hard to find. Freedman strongly denies he was looking for a vehicle for his wife. "I would have taken a play with seven men in it," he says. "Toby's not so sure. I think unconsciously he was looking for a play for me. After all, when you've got a wife sitting around the house all day...

It took Freedman eighteen months to find *The Four Faces of Two People* and it cost him thirty-five hundred dollars to catch his playwright, including a thousand-dollar advance royalty payment.

"He's nuts about my wife"

Freedman's opening gambit was a twenty-five-dollar ad in *Variety*: "Authors: Tired of rejection? Send me your scripts." Fifty authors did. There were forty plays, five ideas of movies and five novels. Freedman read them all. Only five were remotely possible. One was the book he eventually bought for a movie, *The Dancing Bear*. "I was just thinking I was crazy," he says, "when a guy called up wanting to buy the property for Bob Hope."

At the same time he placed the ad in *Variety*, Freedman arranged for introductions to seven of the major play agents in New York. He flew home with sixty manuscripts—twenty-four dollars in overweight—all thumbed over by the many people who'd rejected them. "When I rejected a script they'd get mad," he says. "Everyone else had flu, but who was I some little link up in Canada to turn it down?"

After weeks of flying back and forth to New York, wining and dining the right people and following tips, Freedman finally got to read a script that had been seen only by one other producer. It had two roles: one for a woman about Toby's age. He liked it. He optioned it. He interviewed the author, Albert Maglin. He liked him. He bought the script.

Maglin had the power to accept or reject both performers and director. First the director, David Brooks was hired, with Maglin's approval. Then Freedman borrowed a tape of his wife in a television play and screened it for Maglin. He approved all right. "He is so nuts about my wife, it frightens me," says Bill.

The months of July and August were taken up with those agonizing rewrites that have somehow come to be taken for granted in the American theatre. For eight hours of a final Freedman and Maglin and Brooks sat in a cigar-smoky hotel room rehashing each word, intonation and implication. Finally came the point when Maglin shouted: "I can't go on." Freedman put on his jacket, put him in a taxi and took him home. That's what producers are for, after all. The next day Maglin was fine.

Four Faces is scheduled to run four weeks in Toronto. If nobody comes, Freedman stands to lose forty thousand dollars of his own money. If it's sold out, he will clear eight thousand and he will ahead of the game when he moves it to New York. A month before the Toronto opening, he had already sold eighteen thousand dollars worth of theatre parties.

If he decides to take it to Broadway, he'll have to raise some sixty thousand dollars around Toronto to rebuild the sets, recostume ruthlessly, possibly even to recast if the actor is not available later.

"I know we haven't got a loser show," he said just before rehearsals started. "More than that I can't tell yet. I'll know once we're open." ★



ORGANIZED CRIME

continued from page 16

he talked himself out of the penitentiary by claiming that he wouldn't survive his sentence. Two years' loss a day in reformatory completed his apprenticeship. Sometime after release he headed for Montreal. Here Carmine Galente was organizing gambling, drugs and protection. Johnny Pops joined his strong-arm squad under Louis Greco.

He worked with several other Toronto hoodlums: John Sutherland, who had also worked for Cherniack in drugs; a phony stock salesman, Barney Allwright; Frank Battaglia, soon to be murdered; and an exboxer, Norman Yakubovitch, better known as Baby Yack. One of their chores was beating up shady brokers who welched on protection. These shakedowns often peddled their stock simultaneously from Toronto, and to deal with them there Louis Greco would dispatch his Toronto contingent. They were often seen in Toronto from 1953 on; police saw nothing unusual in their presence.

Papalia in 1955 was a bachelor of thirty-one. His taste in clothes and girls was costly and he had the hoodlum habit of always carrying a thousand dollars. He was not a big man, about five foot-eight and slight, with a scarred right cheek, hooknosed and black-haired, soft-spoken and well-mannered — except when slugging someone with a blackjack. He was sharp-witted and self-controlled. The syndicate found him reliable.

Johnny Pops, like Mauro, was ambitious. In 1955 we find him demanding a cut from the owners of Toronto's most lucrative illegal enterprise, the gambling casino at nearby Cooksville.

This casino was the creation of two bookmakers in Toronto, Joseph McDermott and Vincent "Pete" Feeley. They and a convicted bookmaker named James Ryan were known as The Three Thieves, which describes the early careers of the two main partners. Joe McDermott was the leader, an exuberant crafty man who, when charged with breaking and entering in 1940, joined the army in order to come before the magistrate in uniform, a dodge that won a suspended sentence. McDermott respected knowledge. He liked to read, about law in particular, especially the laws on betting and gaming. He had learned to shoot craps as a caddy and, as a small-time west-end bookie, he had dreamed of his own gaming club.

Three things are required for a gaming club: clients, capital and the edge. "The edge is an agreement with police to let the club operate in return for a share of the take. Even one policeman strategically placed, can provide the edge. He can tip the club on forthcoming raids and the raiders will find no evidence.

Around the end of the Forties, according to the Roach report, The



Burp!

Sorry, we didn't mean to be rude. But when diapers and doctors have first call on dollars, it's sometimes hard to interest people in life insurance. Yet this is when a young family needs life insurance protection the most. The problem is to get enough of it when budgets are tight. Is there a way? There is—Occidental's Change-Easy Term Insurance. It's low in cost, high in protection. For example, $15.00 a month will buy you $37,540 of life insurance for the next five years if you are now 31. This is pure protection with no borrowing or savings values. That's why the cost is so low—*only half to a third the cost of ordinary, life-long insurance.* Later, when your budget allows, you can change (without medical examination) to an Occidental plan that provides savings and borrowing values. In the meantime, investigate Change-Easy Term Insurance to get the most out of insurance dollars. Write for "*Insurance Advice for Young Fathers*." The coupon brings a free copy to you.

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The United Church --and its Dynamic Ladies

A lady who knows about such things said the other day "Women have been expressing their opinions in the United Church of Canada for a long time But the first sure sign of being accepted as equals was when the men started answering them back"

A male church official dealt with the question of equality by warning the men that they could expect fewer and fewer occasions when the ladies served the supper and retired to do the dishes without taking full part in the church business being discussed

Within the Church, two things happened on January 1, 1962, which made women full partners in the organization But these were only the formal recognition of a development which had grown stronger over many years.

On that day an organization called United Church Women replaced two groups known as the Woman's Missionary Society and the Woman's Association This had a profound effect on the church structure for it was a change that reached into every congregation across the country

Also on January 1, 1962, the Board of Women came into existence as an equal partner to the Board of Men, the Board of Evangelism and Social Service, and all the other Boards that form the national leadership of the United Church

These changes were more than formalities. The women of the United Church now stand shoulder to shoulder, and in some cases nose to nose with the men Their proposals get realistic assessment rather than polite non-consideration and if an occasion this is more painful it is also more satisfying

How big a role do women play in the Church? The church budget at the national level for 1963 is $10,500,000 Of this, the Board of Women is expected to raise $1,700,000

The Ordination of women was authorized by General Council in 1936 Since then, 54 women ministers have served in the United Church at home and abroad

In 1946, six women attended General Council as Commissioners In 1958 there were thirty-eight, and in 1962 the number rose to sixty-seven Women serving on national boards of the Church numbered sixteen in 1946, twenty-six in 1958, and sixty-six last year

"We still haven't invaded some of the male preserves," said the informed lady "But we have won equal status at the national policy-making level

Further information about the United Church Women may be obtained from Room 321, at 85 St Clair Ave E, Toronto 7, Ontario

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Three Thieves had acquired an edge Sergeant John F Cronin second in command of the anti-gambling squad of the Ontario Provincial Police This asset enabled McDermott and Feeley to interest a number of bookies in a gaming casino at Cooksville outside Toronto Two gaming house operators from an uptown Toronto club Johnny Riggs and Ernest Midgley bought in and brought their clientele They operated as usual, in the guise of a social club on a federal charter Alpha Club Limited

The club prospered It gave McDermott and Feeley the capital needed to get into bookmaking in a big way One by one they bought out small west-side bookies, keeping them as "front ends" customers men who phoned bets to a "back end," who worked for McDermott and Feeley They passed an "anonymous" tip on at least one occasion to Sergeant Cronin whose men found betting slips beneath the counter in a store — and another antagonist was eliminated They squeezed out Clarence "Tiny" Lakanail when he complained, had him roughed up McDermott, the bail-jilter well met had another side to his nature He kept a baseball bat behind a door at his Cooksville club and when a gambler Moe Davidson was caught cheating at table McDermott had the pleasure of breaking David son's arm

Their influence grew with their income They made the acquaintance of members of parliament They became the bosom pals of a cabinet minister They lost the services of Sergeant Cronin who retired in 1956 to become co-owner of a $150,000 Kingston motel but their edge with the OPP anti-gambling squad was augmented by Constable Robert Wright and the Royal report clearly indicates Inspector Allan Stringer friend of Commissioner E V McNeil This made them attractive partners in any Ontario gambling venture and when Frank "Curly" Gardner, who ran Windsor's Oldeastle Country Club went broke in 1954, he brought in McDermott and Feeley and Vito "Billy" Gucciione, supervisor of gambling for the Licavoli syndicate an amalgamation of very rich elderly businessmen in Detroit, whose sons and nephews are now taking over

This was the situation in 1955 when Johnny Pops tried to take over McDermott and Feeley were partners in one case with Detroit Mafia in the two biggest casinos in Ontario and they had the major book in west end Toronto In the east end David Greenberg alias Gilbert, was big And biggest of all with two hundred runners in downtown Toronto was a dark-haired bina-eyed hard-fisted man, Max Bluestein, alias Baker, bold and clever, once an important figure in Toronto's biggest crime ring, than a silent partner in Feeley and McDermott's Cooksville casino

• • •

JOHNNY POPS was muscling in on the two biggest gambling groups in the province Bluestein it is said wanted to have him beaten up MaDermott demurred, and on this issue Bluestein quit the club McDermott now asked his Detroit partners to rid him of Papalia Two "heavies" came up and found out who [illegible] enforcer in Toronto for the Montreal-Brooklyn syndicate (by way of the Montreal operation) and the son of Anthony Papalia in Hamilton associate of Tony Sylvestro, long-time drug connection with the Magaddino syndicate in Buffalo It was an impasse The only way out was in union

Johnny Pops became the enforcer for the MaDermott-Feeley group with a slice of the profits from Cooksville Windsor and in 1958, from the New Ramsay Club in Niagara Falls, backed by MaDermott and Feeley and run by Benny Nicoletti head of gambling for the Niagara Falls-Buffalo syndicate.

In the decision of Vinnie Mauro of the New York Mafia to take over

PARADE

Fortune cookie

We've encountered a Toronto man who fell for the offer of three free dancing lessons at Arthur Murray's but got out of it about as sheaply as possible Whaa-tha alarming hostess who gave him the free lessons then started to give him the big pitch about the eighteen weeks' course at something like a month's salary he finally talked her into going out with him for a big Chinese dinner instead

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true anecdotes Address Parade c/o Maclean's

Toronto's rackets, Johnny Papalia was an important element He was well known in Buffalo as a friend of Freddy Randaccio the somewhat psychotic enforcer for the Magaddino syndicate. He was a good friend of Mauro both were bachelors they went nightclubbing often together in New York And Papalia already had the makings of a criminal organization, a strong-arm squad

Papalia in fact had already begun to consolidate His out from Cooksville had given him affluence His next move was back in his home town of Hamilton Dan Gasbarrini caught in Vancouver wholesaling drugs for Tony Sylvestro had got out of jail in 1955 a short pleasant well groomed, young (thirty four) behind the scenes operator the intimate and successor of Sylvestro Sylvestro had married Gasbarrini's sister and he had married Sylvestro's daughter At about that time the provincial secretary's department was advised that tha Perceptian Social Club was being revived This was a club in Timmins a town where Sylvestro had high grading contacts Late in 1956 a branch of the club opened in Hamilton Its overseer was Dan Gasbarrini He built — and shared with Sylvestro — a large new home in Burlington worth well over fifty thousand dollars

Gasbarrini's partner in this club was Johnny Papalia and behind them again were several Hamilton businessmen and three Mafia dons, leaders of the active Hamilton underworld They were in their mid-sixties then old-fashioned and insular despite their U S connections They still spoke with their old-country accents. They still wore the broad-brimmed hats of the prohibition era when they were tough young alcohol runners and makers They were still tough though now in a different way two men who tried to cut into Hamilton's drug market in the Fifties, cab driver Anthony Codispoti and cardsharp Anthony "Tom Dee" Kutarniga were found on the cab's outskirts shot through the head both by 32 bullets One of the three dons is in real estate another owns race horses A third was Tony Sylvestro who died last month These with Mafeo "Big Joe" Cipollin and his sons in Guelph and Nicholas Cecchini in Windsor were the hard core of the Mafia in Ontario In any bid for power by the Mafia in New York Johnny Pops could count on their support

• • •

IN JANUARY 1958 the year the takeover started, Max Bluestein applied to Toronto police for a gun permit He had been asked to a meeting he said in Toronto's Westbury Hotel Attending were Mafiosi from Hamilton New York Detroit and Buffalo He had refused to fall in with their plans for Toronto he said and he might need some protection The city police of course, turned down his request

The Mafia's expansion into Toronto began with a shift of personnel Frank Marchildon the Hamilton ring's supervisor, a hard young French-Indian hoodlum from Penetang, was transferred to Toronto where as a front, he bought a hair-styling salon at Yonge and Bloor Streets (sold last year) Hilton Harmes, small but expert with the-chain-and-bat, replaced him as supervisor in Hamilton. Joe Haslar, widely feared as a gunman, moved up to Harmes' slot as enforcer

Around the area large jewel robberies began In May 1958 diamond merchant Rafael Adlar was ambushed in his eleventh floor room in the King Edward Hotel pistol whipped taped up and robbed of thirty-six thousand dollars in diamonds Some were found in the Empire Jewelers in Hamilton owned by Theodor Szmaus Szmaus forfeited twenty thousand dollars bail and flew to Brazil He wrote, that he had left to avoid being killed by a Mr X According to underworld gossip which may or may not be true the robberies were planned and organized by Harmes and a Hamilton lawyer using Hamilton jewelry store owners as fences Szmaus had been angry at taking the rap He threatened the ring with exposure and when a killer from Brooklyn came up to still his tongue he fled

In Toronto Papalia worked with Alberto Agueci liaison man in America for the Mafia drug ring in Sicily In 1950 Agueci, then twenty-seven had tried to get into the U S was turned down and emigrated to Canada He came with a letter of introduction to a travel agent in Windsor from an international trafficker in drugs, Rosario Mancino Soon afterward Agueci was able to leave his road-laborer's job for part-ownership of a Toronto bakery

Johnny Pops and Agueci allied themselves with a large loose-knit group in Toronto headed by a local car-wash operator who had served in army intelligence in World War II and become a postwar gold smuggler he is still wanted by police in Detroit They recruited two strong-arm men and gaming club operators, Fred "Gabe" Gabourie a former Hollywood stunt man and Jack Weaver both in their thirties and both marijuana smokers It was now all one group the formerly slow-moving Mafia led ring in Hamilton was now joined to a fast-moving Mafia-backed group in Toronto the evidence is clear and indisputable A raid on a club in Hamilton in July 1958 disclosed a big sports-betting operation with a CNR ticker tape bringing news of events across the continent It was run by a popular dice artist Donald "Red" LeBarre with the help of Joe and Dominic Papalia and Tony Paglese sons and son-in-law of Anthony Papalia Johnny Pops father The club purported to be a branch of a club in Toronto its charter was a photostat of the charter in Toronto for the West End Bridge and Social Club run by Weaver and Gabourie.

The police closed the Hamilton West End Club and the Divion Club took its place It employed two more of Anthony's sons Angelo and Rocco Papalia A raid disclosed that it too was a branch — of the Divion in Toronto — operating by "permission" of the president Jack Weaver

With the closing of the charter in May 1960, the Checker Club opened



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ron by Red LeBarre and Rocco Papalia. Always behind the shifting locations "officers" and charters, the controllers remained the same: the newly formed syndicate Johnny Papalia in Toronto backed by the car wash owner and Agnew and Don Gasbarrini in Hamilton backed by the three dons.

In 1958 in Toronto and Hamilton both loan sharks (shylocks) appeared in the gambling clubs, encouraging gamblers who lost to borrow money. A badly hit bookie could get ten thousand dollars with no questions asked. Businessmen strapped for quick cash had only to ask. The shylocks or "juice dealers" often do not even put up any money. They borrow it from the businessmen who habituate their clubs, paying them double or triple the usual interest under the counter which of course gives the businessmen income free of tax. The shylocks charge ten percent a week, 520 percent a year. Slow pay brings a reminder" a beating with lead pipes and baseball bats. Welshing — most infrequent — could bring death. This racket is also called the six-for-five: five dollars loaned for two weeks brings in six.

With the forming of the juice ring, credit eased at the gambling clubs. Gamblers could now sell their NSF cheques to the ring who always collect. Two collectors one day confronted a pimp, in hock for a thousand dollars, in a Bay Street lounge in Toronto. He was forced to sign over his five thousand dollar convertible, which was then sold for three thousand to Jack Weavel. Last winter when a Winnipeg hotel owner lost thirty-six thousand dollars to a hookmaker in Toronto, two strong-arm men went to Winnipeg to see him. He had to give them two hundred and sixty cheques postdated a week apart for three hundred dollars each, a total of seventy-eight thousand dollars.

The strong arm squad was also used to extend stock market extortion. A Bay Street broker approached a year or so later requests the technique. Papalia walked into his office and talked his way past the receptionist. In the inner sanctum he gave the broker his name. "Does that mean anything to you?" he asked, clearly expecting it to inspire fear. When the broker said no, Papalia said, "Well it's going to. I'm your new partner."

The broker said he was crazy.

"Don't you know who I represent?"

"I represent people from the other side."

The broker was growing angry.

"Now look," Papalia said. "I don't want any trouble with you."

"What *do* you want?" asked the broker.

"A thousand dollars a week — for protection."

"What kind of protection?"

Papalia smiled. "Protection against everything."

The broker told him to leave or he'd call the police.

"Call the police eh!" Papalia said. "We'll have to learn you the ABC's. We'll have to give you a few lessons." He left. A few minutes later two of his men walked into the office. One was swinging a blackjack. They paid no attention to the customers. They pushed past the four secretaries and beat the broker into unconsciousness. At least two other stock promoters are known to have been beaten and at least two more have been threatened. The brokers say many are paying off.

In Hamilton in that same expansion year, 1958, Arthur Tartaglia and an associate set up the Monarch Vending Machine Company. Tartaglia was a highly successful salesman. He would walk into a restaurant and ask for the manager. "Your cigarette machine's in pretty bad shape," he would say. "How would you like a modern machine?" If the manager said no he might be offered a hundred dollars to put in a Monarch machine. If he still refused Tartaglia would try to intimidate him. A restaurateur who slighted the Monarch machines and their owners was beaten so badly he had to go into hospital. "His head was bandaged for weeks" a detective in Hamilton recalls "a walking advertisement of the advantage of doing business with the Papalias." — for Tartaglia to strengthen his business, had taken the Papalias in as partners.

The same pattern appeared in Toronto. Papalia and Agnew and their young Czech business manager Ernest Kontak set up the Star Vending Machine Company. Police were powerless to stop them because terrorized shop owners would not co-operate.

And now the cigarette thefts began. "At first it was mostly breakins, says a provincial police inspector. They'd hit the warehouses. Then they started hitting the railroads. Now it's the transports. It's spread across the province and into the States and Quebec. We believe it's the same Toronto gang: their MO (method) is the same."

There are three organized rings. One stole forty thousand cartons in eight months in 1962-63. In one month this group ran up a gasoline bill of five hundred dollars following cigarette trucks charting their routes and stops. It's the same thing with railway cars" a detective says. "They get the number. They know where it stops. They don't hit till they're sure it's safe about once every month or six weeks. Then they back up a one and a half ton truck and load up about a thousand cases worth eight to a hundred and twenty dollars a case on the black market." Detectives in three police forces are convinced that the stolen cigarettes find their way into the small fraction of vending machines that the underworld control.

The underworld infiltration of bingo (though plotted in Detroit) was wedded to the growing Toronto syndicate structure. Bingo is a game of chance generating in its big halls the atmosphere of a gaming casino. The suspense and the glittering prizes — a new car or several thousand dollars in cash — draws three thousand players on only a four night. Since each player spends four to five dollars bingo is big business for its operators — illegal except when all profits are given to charity.

In 1957 a small Toronto company, Esquire Novelty, began selling bingo cards to churches and service clubs. In Sudbury where the Lions Club was paying two fifty a thousand for bingo cards, Esquire's salesman sold cards for a dollar a thousand. Just before every game, thereafter a man named George Foxley would fly in sign into a Sudbury hotel as John Burke and arrange for three or four local people to go to the bingo game with a printing press concealed in a ladies purse. As the numbers were called they would print them on identical blank cards. Afterward Foxley met them paid them twenty to a hundred dollars, and left with the prizes. Out of fourteen thousand dollars given in prizes at Kirkland Lake bingos, the ring bagged $13,500.

Esquire also organized games for the churches and service clubs and ran them on a fifty-fifty split after expenses. But expenses were always high and profits low. In four years the Lions Club in Trenton made thirty thousand dollars. Esquire made a hundred thousand and since as caller was rigging the game, another ninety-six thousand dollars in prizes. In Toronto alone this illegal alliance of charity and crime took in about six million dollars a year.

Esquire — since sold to reputable businessmen — was owned by two racketeers from Detroit and Ohio. Fred "Bud" Bailey was front man and salesman. Calvin Silber, whose record includes manslaughter, managed the office and the operations. They organized Ontario in districts. The eastern circuit — Ontario, Cornwall, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville and Peterborough — was handled first by Foxley, a con man from Detroit who then set up and ran the northern circuit — Sudbury, Sault Ste. Marie, Kirkland Lake, Timmins and North Bay. St. Catharines, Leaside and Chatham was the area of Virgil Clendennen a Cleveland hoodlum. One of his callers in Windsor was an informant the police and RCMP seized Clendennen's bingo equipment as it was crossing the border. Two days later the informer was found lying unconscious in an alley, his face smashed almost beyond recognition.

Later investigations — first by Sudbury police then by Ontario Provincial Police and sub police in Toronto — culminated in a seizure of company records. This revealed a remarkable operation never yet disclosed. The ring made use of Kinsmen in Moncton, Halifax and St. John's, Jaycees in Moncton, Corner Brook, Nfld., Fredericton, N.B., Sydney, N.S., Edmonton, Alta. and from newspaper bingos in Winnipeg and Vancouver. Esquire has fund-raising hundreds of churches and service clubs to eight percent — I say fund-raising for all these groups had known what they were fronting for. I am sure the partnership would have ended abruptly.

Investigation showed too that Bailey and Silber were sending money to Detroit. "Someone was behind them in Toronto detective says. "They weren't big-time. Someone was financing them." It is a reasonable supposition — though no more than that — that this someone was the syndicate in Detroit. There is no supposition about their Toronto associates. Bailey and Silber were sharing the profits with Papalia, Morbeldo and Agnew, whose employees, Ernest

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Koutnik and John Sutherland among others, operating as Merton Hall Ltd ran bingo games in the Kitchener-Waterloo-Galt area

• • •

FROM THE LATE FIFTIES the Toronto and Montreal syndicates were co-operating Toronto was organizing robberies and marketing stolen bonds from robberies organized by the Montreal syndicate some turned up in Toronto with Laughlin Miles MacPherson an Imperial Bank of Commerce manager and Martin Resnick a salesman for Scallute Aluminum a firm in which the Toronto car wash owner had an interest Through two Agnew henchmen, Dominic Procopio and Rocco Zito, the Toronto Mafia sold alcohol bought from Montreal Mafia middlemen to the Italian community in Toronto A Montreal syndicate member Maurice Cleaver was running drugs to Toronto, using beautiful women as couriers. One, Fern DeCarle, had once been the secretary of Walton Rose McDermott's lawyer

The expansion was well under way by January 1959 when Sam Monachino, co-owner of the Super Beverage Company in Auburn N Y and a delegate to the Apalachin conference of Mafia leaders, moved to Hamilton In June 1960, Onofrio Minutolo a deported Detroit racketeer and close associate of syndicate drug traffickers then living in Cuba, moved to Windsor Were these moves to strengthen the new Ontario syndicate? By 1961 it was certainly strong It controlled extortion and usury in Hamilton and Toronto and the wholesale trade in drugs in Ontario. It was getting its unt from the nation-wide bingo ring organized by Detroit and the gambling network run by McDermott's group It was time to eliminate competition to cut in on everything big and the toughest competition as well as the biggest prize, was the gambling combine headed by Max Bluestein

• • •

IN JUNE 1960 an undercover investigation by the Ontario Provincial Police closed the Cookeville casino Floating crap games — games held in different Toronto hotels every night — became lucrative. Bluestein had four of the biggest, and the syndicate had several, run by Gabourie, Weaver and Les Irwin an ex heavyweight boxer, now a strongarm man

Late in 1960 Toronto police made two arrests They knocked off the Lakeview Athletic Club run by Bluestein and one of the crap games run by the syndicate Papalia suspected Bluestein of tipping police about his game, and possibly Bluestein knew he was suspected He chose four months in jail in lieu of a fifteen-thousand-dollar fine though the magistrate figured the gross profit on bets in the Lakeview Athletic Club was more than a million dollars a year This is probably high — and Bluestein had partners — but his income was certainly large

With Bluestein in jail Papalia approached the man in charge of his games a gambler known as Rough-neck Chiavarini Papalia demanded and got terms that amounted to a take over. Chiavarini hurried to see Bluestein, who promptly bought his way out of jail (a clerical error reduced his fine to four thousand dollars) and began negotiations with the syndicate He played it tough and arrogant ("Who the hell are you?" "Why should *I* talk to *you*?") but under the hard façade he was uneasy As he later said "It's not as if you're dealing with one guy He agreed to a meeting on March 21 at the Town Tavern

The Town in downtown Toronto is a popular lounge and restaurant It had almost a hundred customers that night many of them hoodlums who were there by invitation Papalia had spread the word He wanted Toronto's gamblers to know that Bluestein had capitulated, or — if he still held out — to see the consequences

Bluestein came in after doing a few blocks away sat as usual on the restaurant side and held court surrounded by friends Gabourie and Weaver joined him From another table Papalia sitting with Marchildon and Irwin, sent a waiter over to Bluestein with a drink

This was the turn of decision If Bluestein accepted the drink — 'the hand of friendship' — he was accepting the syndicate as his partner He had come prepared, at least to talk but there was the matter of prestige In the rackets as elsewhere prestige increases with wealth and Bluestein though he denies it, is more than a millionaire. He has interests in at least two hotels, a finance company, and perhaps as many as twenty apartment buildings He had been a rackets boss when Johnny Pops had been working the street for Bluestein's close associate Harvey Chernick Bluestein waved the drink away "If some punk wants to talk to me" he rasped "let him come to my table."

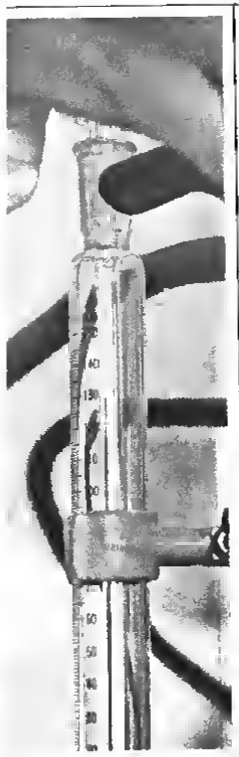
He had made his choice Bluestein has nerve As time passed his confidence grew He told his friends to leave 'Go ahead I can handle these punks,' he assured them

The lounge closed One o'clock neared Bluestein rose and strolled on the restaurant At the hat-check counter Papalia and Weaver engaged him in conversation They asked him to step in the lounge now dark and deserted Bluestein declined As they had Gabourie Marchildon and Irwin were leaving their restaurant side and stealing through the lounge to come up behind Bluestein

Bluestein pulled a thin bladed fish knife A blackjack thudded against his head Falling he clutched at his nearest assailant — Marchildon — stabbing him eight times in the back Iron bars swung on short ropes were smashing his cheekbones and his forehead Brass knuckles gouged his face and eyes A broken bottle was thrust into his mouth As he lay on the floor in a spreading pool of blood someone kicked his face

Outside, customers trying to enter were intercepted by hoodlums When police arrived they found no one who would tell them what had happened Though the beating had taken place in plain sight the Town's customers, staff and management as Pierre Berton later reported in a Toronto *Star* column, had been stricken by perhaps the most remarkable case of

continued on page







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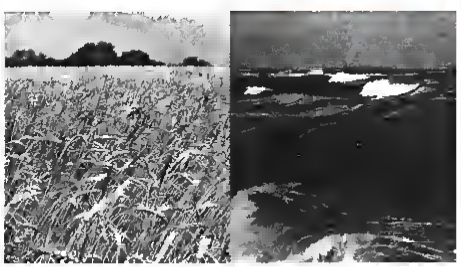
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...ness blindness in scientific history. Bertino's column created pressure. A special police squad was put on the case and on April 21 warrants were sworn out for Papalia, Minichiello, Wenner and Gubonric. Johnny Pops had overreached. More people had learned his lesson than he intended.

■ ■ ■

BY 1960 ALBERTO AGUECI, though still something of an outsider, may well have been reaching the limits of ambition. When Papalia vanished following the beating of Bluestein, it was Agueci who ordered him to surrender, thus taking some of the heat off the syndicate. When Agueci's daughter Francesca was baptized that September, Buffalo enforcer Freddy Randaccio and his wife traveled to Toronto to pay their respects. Agueci had managed thus far to stay in the background in Toronto; police he was only a name passed on by the U.S. Bureau of Narcotics.

But that same September the ring in Sicily slipped. A shipped a trunk containing heroin to the wrong New York address. Papalia flew to New York to discuss it with the syndicate drug supervisor, Vincent Mauro. On the way back he stopped off at Buffalo. Stefano Magaddino had had a heart attack. Freddy Randaccio was in charge. Randaccio told Papalia to send Agueci's brother Vito to Sicily to warn them against further slip-ups.

It was too late. New York narcotics bureau agents arrested two Sicilians as they claimed a trunk carrying ten kilos of heroin, a loss to the syndicate of some seventy thousand dollars. The resulting enquiry uncovered the link with Toronto. In Toronto the investigators turned up a telegram trying to trace the missing trunk. Toronto police chief James Mackey put twelve men on the case. They learned that numerous Italian-Canadians had made return trips to their homeland at Alberto Agueci's expense. The Italian police, the French Sureté and the RCMP joined in. Bureau undercover agents burrowed into Agueci's ring and Nunbelis Cunha's ring in Windsor. In May and June, 1961, forty-five traffickers were arrested, including a Milan ring leader, Giuseppe Palmeri in Sicily, Vincent Mauro in New York with his two lieutenants, Frank Carusso and Salvatore Minari, and in Toronto, Alberto and Vito Agueci and a little later, Johnny Papalia. It was the deepest penetration ever made in the illegal international traffic of drugs, reported U.S. Attorney-General Robert Kennedy to his brother, the president of the United States.

The immensely wealthy and powerful head of the syndicate in New York, Vito Genovese, was in prison in Atlanta but he was still issuing orders from his cell. It is thought that he ordered his men some time before to get out of narcotics, and that he did not know the Toronto ring was in operation. He would, of course, blame his syndicate director, his boyhood friend and groomsman, Tom Reuter. Finding substance to implicate Bender now disappeared. He drove off with several men from his home at Fort Lee, New Jersey and neither he nor his car has since been seen. Police suspect that they have gone into one of the wrecking machines in New York that press car bodies into four-foot metal squares which are then trucked to a blast furnace for remelting. It is one of the syndicate's latest methods of corpse disposal.

Mauro took over Bender's domain west-side New York and the New Jersey water front. Pending trial in September 1961 he had been released on bail of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Here we can glimpse how closely New York was now meshed with Ontario. First Mauro had his bail reduced to fifty thousand dollars. Then he telephoned a Hamilton lawyer who is deeply involved with the Mafia both in Ontario and Buffalo. The lawyer called a Toronto travel agent. He gave the agent names and particulars of three Hamilton citizens and the agent got him three Canadian passports. The lawyer sent them to Mauro who with Caruso and Manno... jumped bail. They flew to Nassau, Jamaica then Spain partying like potentates, spending about a thousand dollars a day. In Barcelona they were met by a courier from Lucky Luciano, who is thought to have given them a fresh supply of funds. Meanwhile, the U.S. narcotics bureau had released pictures of the trio and a lady from Nassau informed the bureau that they were traveling as Canadians. In Italy the police had Luciano's men under surveillance. When the courier funded in Spain he was followed by Spanish police who reported that he had met three Canadians. In New York the district head of the narcotics bureau, George Gaffney, put these separate pieces of information together. When arrested the racketeers had fifty thousand dollars in a safety deposit box in a Spanish bank. Caruso was traveling on a passport made out in the name of a Hamilton cigar-store owner. Mauro under the name of the owner of a Hamilton novelty shop. Manero under the name of a Hamilton steelworker. All three gangsters had drivers licences from a robbery the previous March of the Motor Vehicles Branch at Shelbourne, Ont.

Agueci too had made bail but not without difficulty. He had had to sell his house and car. He was angry at Stefano Magaddino, who in return for his cut of the profits was supposed to provide what is usually called a "defense and lammng fund" — bail or fines, legal help, hideouts, false identities, escape funds, and of course, family benefits while absent. Agueci felt that Magaddino had welched. He swore that unless Magaddino lived up to his bargain he would talk, and early in August he journeyed to Buffalo to lay it on the line.

His body was found in the underbrush of a country lane near Rochester. He had been tortured. His mouth was broken. Eight teeth had been kicked or knocked out. Three ribs were split. His ankles and wrists had been bound with nylon cord and he had been strangled. Identifying labels, his zipper, even his fingertips, had been cut off and his body soaked with gasoline and burned. The torture might have continued for days. His body had lost fifty pounds.

■ ■ ■

ALL DURING this period of the syndicate's greatest expansion — 1958 to 1961 — the then attorney-general of Ontario, Kelso Roberts, was reiterating in public that Ontario had no organized crime. In fact he assured his fellow MPPs on Feb. 23, 1959, that gambling nonetheless had improved.

Five months later, Toronto's chief constable, James Mackey, wrote a warning to Elliott Pepper of the attorney-general's office that large U.S. criminal organizations had moved into Toronto to take over chartered clubs for gambling. He wrote again in September this time to W. C. Bowman, director of public prosecutions in the attorney-general's office, returning to his previous report to Pepper. On Oct. 16 Bowman forwarded Mackey's report to the deputy minister of the department of the provincial secretary, which has the power to cancel or issue club charters. No action was taken until the end of December when the press criticized the department for not canceling the charters of some twenty-five clubs that were being used for gambling. Finally in January, 1960, the deputy minister met with Mackey to discuss the situation that Mackey had warned about six months before.

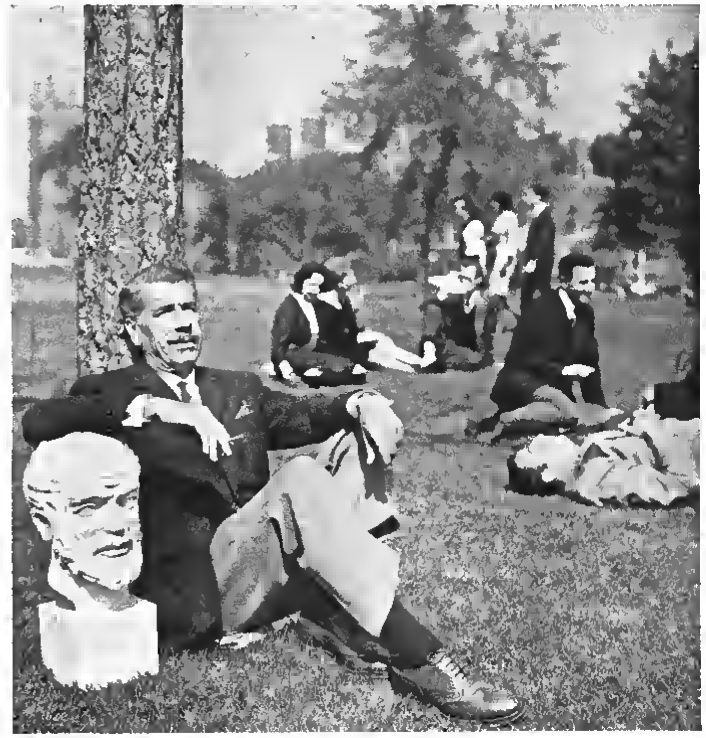
Over the next two months thirty-two clubs lost their charters, almost twice as many as in the previous decade, though this reflects more credit on the police than on the government, which canceled the charters only after convictions by the courts. Indeed, even after this outcry raised by Bluestein's beating and Agueci's exposure, the government resisted demands for an inquiry. It took a pointed warning by RCMP Commissioner C. W. Harvison, speaking to the Canadian Club in Toronto, and a scathing report in the Ontario house by opposition leader John Wintermeyer, to force the government to set up a royal commission. We now have its report. Like Mr. Roberts it says no syndicated crime exists in Ontario.

■ ■ ■

WE ALL POSSESS to some degree, I believe, a sense of story, a feeling for form, beginning and end, finiteness. We are used to applying this to crime where the story normally ends with the death or arrest of the criminal.

continued on next page





"all men by nature desire to know." *Aristotle—384-322 B.C.*

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CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION

In April of this year Johnny Papalia was sentenced to ten years in prison. Alberto Agnese and Tony Bender are dead. Mauro Caruso, Manerl Vito Ciaccvelo, Big John Ormento, Nicholas Cicchini, MacDermott and Feeley are in jail. Charlie Cipolla of Guelph was arrested last month on drug charges. Bailey and Silber still wanted here for their action-wide bingo frauds, are at large in the U.S. The Ontario Provincial Police — a hardworking force which six men hi-marched — have closed the Niagara Falls and Cooksville casinos. And Toronto police have closed all but two gambling clubs in that city.

Here are the elements of an exciting mil even we who should know better — the journalist the policeman the magistrate — are predisposed to believe that the curtain has fallen on the drama of a U.S. syndicate take over that failed.

But did it?

Early in 1962 a company named GSB Amusements tried and failed to set up a gaming casino in the Ariwak Hotel built by Toronto hotelman on the north shore of Jamaica. Gambling is illegal in Jamaica, but through political pull GSB hoped to get authorities to first tolerate, then legalize it.

GSB was set up by a Toronto accountant George Gold, along with Bud Bailey and Calvin Silber, backed by gamblers in New York, New Jersey, Las Vegas and Toronto. In June 1962 the accountant Gold was arrested. He was now running a bookmaking ten thousand dollars in business a day for Max Bluestein. That same month, David Stillman, a partner in Bluestein's Lakeview Club, was a found-in at a raid in business hours of the Somerset Club. Dave Gilbert, the big east-end hookie then belonged to the Somerset Club. Ernest Midgley and Jack Kiggs of McDermott and Feeley's group were members. In short, after the Bluestein beating Toronto's three biggest gambling, as well as one of the biggest independents, Benjamin Leitman, are all congregated together in the Somerset, a climb run by Harry Eisen, who ran the Columbia, West End and Division clubs for the syndicate.

Gambling has clearly become a co-operative enterprise, and the instrument of co-operation, the strong-arm squad, is still maintained by the syndicate. It still controls alcohol, loan sharking, distribution of stolen securities, vending machine enterprise (now run by another Papalia) and narcotics, which they recently tried to revive. Business, it's true, has fallen off with a royal commission just ended, but we can be sure the syndicate is planning for the future when public concern will fade and police pressure slacken.

Though the stars of the drama have passed offstage, the supporting cast remains. In Toronto, Frank Marchildon, Fred Gabourie, Jack Weaver, Leslie Irwin and a hundred I have not named. In Hamilton, Dan Gasparrini and the canny, close-mouthed Sons, with contacts in almost every city of any size in Ontario and linked by race, tradition and mutual profit to Guelph and Windsor and syndicate leaders in New York, Buffalo, Detroit and Montreal.

The story of the crime cartel will not fit our preconceptions. It is an institution, no more flashy than our own vice. Death or arrest of its members does not end it. As one of its victims says, "There's always another and another and another." ★

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MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE — SEPTEMBER 21, 1963 — VOLUME 76 NUMBER 18



ROBERT FULFORD



This is a British counterspy, but has not telling.

ON COUNTERESPIONAGE: in the end, all the heroes are bunglers

BEFORE THE FIRST WORLD WAR, when the romantic and richly comic story of British counterespionage began, security precautions in England were comparatively simple. They seem to have consisted mostly of preventing German naval officers from sitting in full view of Portsmouth harbor and sketching gun emplacements. These officers, when apprehended, were not necessarily sent to prison; they were sometimes just told to go home, or anyway stop sketching. This modest concept of security began to die after 1909, when an office of what might be called preventive intelligence was first opened in London. That development, and some of the events which followed it, are described in *M.I.5*, by the British newspaperman John Bulloch.

M.I.5 (the M.I. means Military Intelligence) looks after counterspy work inside Britain and is not to be confused with M.I.6, which employs the British spies in other countries like Russia. The man who head both of these groups are supposedly anonymous; their identities are kept "secret" by the British press, though they are known to hundreds of people; they turn up at public trials and by now, certainly, only the lowest-echelon Russian agents are unable to identify them on sight. These men cannot become public heroes, like Allen Dulles, the former head of the C.I.A. in the United States; but John Bulloch has decided to make a hero of one of their predecessors, Vernon Kell. He set up M.I.5 as a one-man bureau, with not even a clerk to help him, in 1909; by the time he retired, in 1940, as Major-General Sir Vernon Kell, aged sixty-seven, he had a huge organization which not only defended Britain against spies but did some spying itself by planting informers within the ranks of domestic communists and fascists.

Kell, in fact, may have been the first spymaster anywhere to organize, on a large scale, the infiltration of suspicious political groups. There had always been police spies recruited from among liberals and anarchists and socialists in the European countries, but it was Kell's habit to plant his people intentionally within the ranks of the communists and fascists. In 1931, for instance, he placed a certain Miss X among the communists; she displayed so much revolutionary zeal that by 1938 she had risen to be the partner of a major spy. She testified at a trial and sent three Soviet agents to prison. At the same time, Kell impartially had infiltrated the Mosleyite fascists, also with zealous workers. In the famous East End London riots, when the Mosleyites clashed with Jews and other antifascists, one of the rioters who was arrested by the police and fined for his part in the violence was an agent of M.I.5. These techniques — which Bulloch believes Kell pioneered — have been adopted enthusiastically everywhere in the world, and in the United States have reached such a level that one ex-F.B.I. agent recently suggested that the F.B.I., through its undercover men, will soon achieve working control of the American Communist Party.

It may seem, at first glance, that 1940 was a curious year for Kell to choose as the time of his retirement; it was, after all, the most crucial year in England's history, and Kell was then England's most experienced intelligence officer. But the embarrassing fact is that Kell didn't choose to retire; he was fired. And this is the sort of embarrassment that occurs throughout the careers of spies, even heroic spymasters like Kell — their blunders are often as notable as their successes. John Bulloch doesn't try to ignore the fact. "Because it is the way of governments to seek a scapegoat when things go wrong, it was decided he would have to go. Kell did so reluctantly as he firmly believed his experience would be invaluable in combating the new influx of spies which was bound to come."

THINGS THE COUNTERSPIES COULD NEVER EXPLAIN

Things had indeed gone wrong. The Germans had pulled off two extremely clever pieces of work, and both of them fell roughly in the territory of M.I.5. In October, 1939, just after Kell had convinced himself that he had broken the German spy network by imprisoning suspicious aliens, a German submarine slipped through Kirk Sound to Scapa Flow, sank the battleship *Royal Oak*, and slipped right out again and back to Germany. It was obvious that the Germans had fresh and very detailed information about defenses and ship movements, but Kell and his men failed to find out how it happened. Two months later, M.I.5 learned that an attempt was to be made to sabotage a gunpowder factory in Essex. M.I.5 investigated, but the factory blew up anyway. Again M.I.5 couldn't explain it, and Kell was retired.

Disasters like this were not entirely new to M.I.5. In the First World War a German agent successfully penetrated the postal censorship branch and during four years of hard work sent home thousands of items of information (fortunately for our side the Germans matched this with a counterblunder — through a lack of co-ordination they failed to use some of his best material). Nor of course did the disasters end when Kell left the service. Only a decade ago, when the United States was enduring the McCarthy period, people used to say that the British handled security matters much better than the noisy Americans. The British did it discreetly, sensibly, and professionally. Today not even Ian Fleming could say that with a straight face. The spy Vassall was checked by four M.I.5 men, none of whom learned that he was a homosexual. That he lived far beyond his income or that he was in the habit of taking secret documents home with him for the night. Naval intelligence several years ago apparently approved for a secret post a man who had earlier been fired from the British Embassy in Warsaw because he drank too much and talked about his work all the time, as a result the Russians got away with a handsome collection of submarine secrets. Over at M.I.6, the real life equivalents of James Bond's chief "M" continued to employ Kim Philby for years after he gave every cause for suspicion and even after suspicions about him were voiced in the House of Commons. It was only when he suddenly moved to Russia that the British realized Philby had been functioning as history's first quadruple agent: he was working for the British, the Russians, the London *Observer*, and the *Economist*.

John Bulloch's M.I.5 is by necessity sketchy on First World War activities and much sketchier on later events unfortunately for those of us who are addicted to realistic spy stories the files of M.I.5 are permanently closed. Within his limits, however, Bulloch writes an entertaining story marred only by his naive hero-worship of Kell and other counterespionage men — he tends to overrate their successes and explain away their failures. But I suspect most of his readers will tend to agree with Malcolm Muggeridge, a former Secret Service man himself, who recently wrote: "If I might venture respectfully to offer a word of advice, the mass is now beyond clearing up, and the only possible course is to disband the whole show, fumigate its premises, and begin again."

☞ M.I.5, by John Bulloch, McClelland and Stewart, 206 pages, $5.25.

ON MARY McCARTHY: in the end, Vassar's like anywhere else

TWO YOUNG MATRONS, graduates of Vassar, are talking about their adult life as mothers and wives.

"You really feel our education was a mistake?" Priss asked anxiously.

"Oh completely," said Norine. "I've been crippled for life."

The educated, privileged citizens of the United States may not actually be crippled by their education and their privileges, but it is Mary McCarthy's chosen duty in life to make



Mary McCarthy the more her characters get it

them *feel* crippled and she continues to perform this duty brilliantly in her latest novel *The Group* from which the above sentences are quoted. In past novels and stories Miss McCarthy has dissected the neurosis the hypocrisies and the general helplessness of various upper levels of American life. She universally remarkably she left wing literary intellectuals the arty-pretorizing class and the artistic bohemians. Now in *The Group* she turns on eight women from the Vassar class of 1933, the very class with which Miss McCarthy herself graduated.

Miss McCarthy has been writing *The Group* for more than a decade, and bits of it were published years ago in magazines. As a result, it has had the unique distinction of being quoted in another important novel several years before its own publication as a book. Ir Philip Roth's distinguished first novel *Goodbye, Columbus* published in 1959, the young hero tells his mistress that she should buy birth control equipment. "You can go to Margaret Sanger in New York," he says, "they don't ask any questions." She asks "You've done this before?" "No I just know. I read Mary McCarthy." And she replies "That's exactly right. That's just what he'd feel like somebody out of *her*." This refers to a section of *The Group* published some years ago in which Miss McCarthy gives what must surely be the most detailed description of birth control methods ever offered outside a medical book.

Philip Roth's use of that reference was exactly right: a well read, twenty three-year-old like her hero would be sure to learn just this sort of thing from Mary McCarthy. And not only this. Her books are crammed with what she has called "The Fact in Fiction." Like Charles Dickens, who is one of her heroes and whom she increasingly resembles, Miss McCarthy piles fact upon fact in her books. *The Group* at times is like a manual of social and sexual history. It abounds in data on the 1930s: the fringe politics, the conflicting theories of psychology, the various approaches to culture. There is a long, densely worked passage on the controversy over breast-feeding, and another on the book publishing business in New York in the 1930s and still another on the very rich people reacted to the revolutionary events of the New Deal. At times the book appears to be an anthology of bright young people's 1930s opinions on food (the casserole is just coming in), sex (adultery is growing popular) and politics (communism is tolerated and even admired). There is one long paragraph devoted to a list of the magazines that a progressive middle-aged woman of the period reads regularly.

The most remarkable fact about *The Group* as a novel — or a collection of linked stories — is that its weight of fact never crushes its cool but involved spirit and never obscures its theme. Through incident after incident, the theme becomes stronger. The evidence builds up, and Miss McCarthy produces a detailed critique of the ideals that lay beneath many of the probing and some of the private activities of the United States in the era of Roosevelt. Her theme is the failure of progressive ideals to transform the people who held them.

The eight girls who group together at Vassar and then set forth in the world are mostly rich and, in the 1930s, conscious that their class is dying. (At least that's what their boy friends tell them. As it turned out, their class only flourished.) With the help of Vassar, the girls have turned themselves into liberals of one sort or another, and one by one have embraced progressive ideals in everything from industrial design to child care.

They look to these ideals to lift them to a higher awareness of themselves and the world, and perhaps to give them a kind of noble happiness in a life filled with self-sacrifice. The ideals fail — not necessarily because they are false in themselves but because they are so easy to adopt because they can be overlaid conveniently on a life of privilege, and because they are often merely symbols rather than realities. In the end the girls are vicious, silly, intelligent kind and useful in just about the same proportion the reader is led to suspect as if they had never seen the inside of Vassar and never heard of the New Deal. In the course of showing all this Mary McCarthy has written an important and fascinating book.

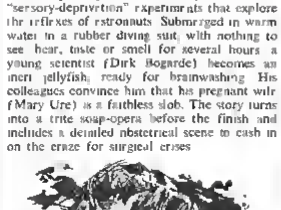
☞ THE GROUP by Mary McCarthy. Longmans (Canada) 378 pages. $6.95.

NEW MOVIES

CLYDE GILMOUR

☞ THE STRIPPER. An unsuccessful Broadway play by William Inge has been made into a film which tries hard to show the sleazy side of backwater show business and the crumbling confidence of a bubble dancer (Joanne Woodward) stranded in her Kansas home town. The results are mildly interesting.

☞ THE MIND BENDERS. The first half of this British space-age drama vividly focuses on "sensory-deprivation" experiments that explore the reflexes of astronauts. Submerged in warm water in a rubber diving suit, with nothing to see, hear, taste or smell for several hours, a young scientist (Dirk Bogarde) becomes an inert jellyfish, ready for brainwashing. His colleagues convince him that his pregnant wife (Mary Ure) is a faithless slob. The story turns into a trite soap-opera before the finish, and includes a detailed obstetrical scene to cash in on the craze for surgical crises.



Bonnie Dobson in a $450 for a $5 skirt

NEW RECORDS



Bonnie Dobson in a $5 cent $450 for a $5 cent skirt

The free, easy — and suddenly rich — life of young Canadian folk-singers

THE MARIPOSA FESTIVAL described on pages 19 to 23 is one outcropping of what people in the music business call the "folk boom" — a revival of interest in folk music that has made coffee houses one of the most profitable investments in show business (there is now a string of them from Montreal to Vancouver) and has put guitar sales up five hundred percent in the last four years. Another outcropping, and one that can be enjoyed by a great many more people in a few new records by some of the young singers who were at Mariposa and are riding the folk boom to fame and fortune.

Bonnie Dobson, for instance, is a twenty-two-year-old Toronto girl with a sweet true voice of whom many Canadian music fans may not yet have heard, but who commands an average of $450 a week in folk clubs here and in the United States. She now lives in Chicago, where her husband is a professor of biochemistry, but enough of her material is Canadian that she is still a genuine Canadian folk singer of the new breed. Some of the most pleasant items on her first record, *Dear Companion*, are of Canadian origin: she has taken a Nova Scotian lament called *When I Was In My Prime* for example, and made it her own.

The characteristic that sets all these singers apart from their older and probably more genuinely folky colleagues is that they take any song they particularly like and style it to suit themselves. This is heresy to more passionate folklorists who believe a folk song isn't a folk song unless it has forty verses, each changing by about two syllables. But for my money Ian and Sylvia, two Canadians singing W. C. Handy's *Got No More Hour Than A Dog*, are a lot more pleasant than listening to a creaky old farmer from Peterborough, Ont., droning into a tape recorder a song he really did learn from his grandma, who couldn't sing either.

Probably the most successful of all the new singers are the five members of the group called The Travellers. Their latest release, their third, is a collection of songs they sang on a tour of Russia and the Ukraine in 1962 and, while it is up to the standards this clever and musical group has always set for itself, it is a little marred. I felt by a long introduction in Russian. And although these singers have a right — aye, a duty — to sing what they went to sing, I'm getting a little tired of *When the Saints Go Marching In* being sung by anyone. Ian Tyson and Sylvia Fricker — he's twenty-nine, an ex-rodeo rider and commercial artist from Vancouver and she's twenty-three, just a girl from Chatham, Ont. — aren't far behind the Travellers in success and seem destined to pass them. Their first record, called simply *Ian & Sylvia*, was selling recently at a healthy rate of 800 a month. Their second, *Four Strong Winds*, was released only last month and started strongly. Since records work on each other — people who buy and like one often go looking for others — Ian and Sylvia may soon be on the best-selling charts here and in the U.S. and may then get a crack at big-time television. They've appeared on the CBC several times and seem well-suited to television. This fall they have several appearances booked on the profitable U.S. college-concert circuit.

WHAT HARMONY DID TO "COUNTRY" MUSIC

Ian and Sylvia sing songs of any origin they please, from French Canadian to the blues but they seem to enjoy most the kind of music called "country." When I was a teen-ager the squarest radio program in the world was *Grand Ol' Opry* from Wheeling, W. Va., but Ian and Sylvia — I imagine because of the immense musicality they apply to everything they sing — have made songs like *Long Lonesome Road* and *The Greenwood Sidle* into very hip items for the current young set. Their method is to get a song they like from a book or from one of the Canadian collections (Edith Fowke and Marius Barbeau are notable examples) who have preserved songs that all these youngsters are now singing, and to monkey around with it until they have an arrangement that suits them. The result is that they have developed a sound of their own — a remarkably pleasant one — and their singing often dominates the song. Their harmonies are such that their records become more enjoyable the more they are played — or up to a limit, anyway — a quality which not many popular musicians achieve.

Still another outcropping of the folk boom is a new group of children's records by these young Canadian artists. Bonnie Dobson has one out already. It passed a market sampling with flying colors at my house. And two other Canadians who were at Mariposa this year, Michel Choquette and Sharon Tostin, are cutting one for London this month, which will be in French and English. PETER GZOWSKI

☞ DEAR COMPANION. BONNIE DOBSON. Prestige International 13031.

☞ BONNIE DOBSON SINGS A MERRY-GO-ROUND OF CHILDREN'S SONGS. Prestige International 13064.

☞ THE TRAVELLERS ON TOUR. Columbia FL 299.

☞ IAN & SYLVIA. Vanguard VRS-9109.

☞ FOUR STRONG WINDS. Vanguard VRS 9133 stereo, VSD 2149.

TELEVISION

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS FORTNIGHT

☞ EVOLUTION FOR THE NATION. *Web of Life* (CBC Friday Sept. 13, 5:30 p.m. EDT) discusses the life that came from the sea, flourished ashore and sometimes took to the air. On the *Live and Learn* series, *Diverse Monsters* (CBC Tuesday Sept. 17, 10:30 p.m.) is short the reign of the reptiles and the coming of the dinosaurs and *Marsupial Mammoth and Man* (a week later) is about marsupials, mammoths and men.

☞ MAN IN A LANDSCAPE. Based on a dramatic poem by Lister Sinclair, this program about Beethoven includes old photographs, animated graphics, line drawings and music. (CBC Saturday Sept. 14, 9 p.m. EDT.)

☞ CTV THIRD ANNIVERSARY. The private network celebrates its birthday with an hour-long outdoor folk-singing festival from Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax. The Halifax Three, the Ralfemen, the Jubilation Singers, Tom Hawkins, the Travellers and Ian and Sylvia perform. (CTV Sunday Sept. 15, 7:30 p.m. EDT.)

☞ SPECIAL DOCUMENTARY. In *A Land Awake*, Robert Kee interviews President Nasser, tells what's happening to twenty-seven million people in the new Egypt, and describes the surge of Arab nationalism. (CBC Sunday Sept. 15, 10 p.m. EDT.)

BUSINESS

A big, busy, made-in-Canada year for the Canadian auto industry

PRINCE BERTIL, the son of King Gustav of Sweden, took a gold screwdriver and dutifully fixed Nova Scotia licence plate 00-00-01 to the first Volvo automobile ever assembled in Canada. The ceremony took place this summer at Dartmouth, N.S., in an old waterfront sugar refinery which Volvo, the big Swedish auto firm, had renovated at a cost of $2 million. The revamped refinery is the first European auto plant in North America and the first *Canadian* auto plant outside Ontario. Volvo chose Dartmouth, rather than southern Ontario's auto belt, partly because labor costs are lower in Nova Scotia, partly because both the Federal and Nova Scotia governments treated it specially nicely and partly because Halifax is an ice-free port. The company plans to import 100 bodies year-round.

Volvo sold 2,000 cars to Canadians in 1962; the Dartmouth plant will make 5,000 in its first year. It will mean something like $15 million a year to the economy of the Halifax district and a couple of hundred new jobs. It should also enliven small factories around the Maritimes. To swap duties on parts imported from Sweden, Volvo will make its Dartmouth cars forty percent Canadian. It is already given the battery contract to the Surrette Battery Co. Springhill, N.S., and is now looking for Maritime manufacturers of interior trim, plastic lamp lenses, steering equipment, etc.

Volvo's affair with Nova Scotia is only one of the hellish things that have been happening lately to the auto industry and, most dramatically, to the part of it that's made in Canada. Canadians bought 504,000 new cars last year.

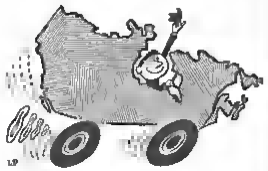


BY SID BARRON

a record they'll probably buy 525 000 this year and at least half a million again in 1964 But more important, cars assembled in Canada are grabbing a bigger share (428 000 cars in 1963) of the market than ever before Only three years ago, overseas makes had twenty-eight percent of the new-car market in Canada in mid-1963 they're getting less than a tenth Canadian companies this summer were making twenty-one percent more cars than they were a year earlier and, like Volvo, they were trying to increase the Canadian made content of each car One reason all this is good news is that, even in non-boom years, every seventh Canadian job depends in one way or another on the health of the auto industry

The pressure on Canadian companies to reduce their net imports of auto parts started under Diefenbaker and continues under Pearson To avoid duties on imported parts the companies must guarantee that forty to sixty percent (depending on the production run) of each car is made in Canada In addition, the Diefenbaker government imposed a twenty-five percent duty last year on automatic transmissions and some engines More recently, auto executives have discussed their problems with Walter Gordon and Industry Minister C M (Bud) Drury and these conversations, according to one company president, are like hearings of the Board of Broadcast Governors "We're under heavy pressure to increase Canadian content"

The pressure has already had some remarkable results The 1962 models of American Motors (Canada) were fifty-one percent Canadian this year they are sixty three percent The Canadian content of Fords except for Thunderbirds and Lincolns which are imported whole, is sixty percent and rising General Motors Windsor plant will assemble, within



The best year yet for an industry that means jobs

a year, the first automatic transmissions ever made outside the U S and most of the transmission parts will be Canadian made GM's parts-making subsidiary in St. Catharines will increase staff by 600 in the next few months

The government exempts companies from the duty on transmissions and engines if they export enough Canadian made parts so some companies are working out export deals with their U S parents. American Motors (Canada) will buy its parts for export from suppliers in Thorold Chatham Windsor and Sarnia the deal should mean 400 new jobs Ford plants at Windsor will now produce wheel hubs and drums for the compact Fords made in Dearborn Mich Ford of Canada is already making V-8 engine parts that a few months ago had to be imported, and its revamping its foundry at Windsor to allow among other things, production of its own engine block castings Ford took on 1 000 new employees at its Oakville plant this year Finally with an eye on the Volvo adventure the Ontario department of trade and commerce has been encouraging other European auto-makers to settle down in Ontario. Two French companies — Peugeot and Renault — are nibbling

FOLKWAYS

Nothing's too good for official culture in Quebec. Not even $5 million

GUY BEAULNE moved out of his Westmount home this month turned his back on memories of the Plouffe family and went to Quebec City His destination was a desk in the provincial government's expanding cultural affairs department

Beaulne's new title is Director of Theatre It rates a close look and so do the other titles on the doors along the halls of the department's quarters in a converted student cafeteria that used to belong to Laval University There are directors of musical projects, literature and publishing arts astronomy and archeology There is a director heading the French language bureau and another running a section called in official translation, the Extra-Territorial French-Canada Branch

Two years ago, Quebec's cultural affairs department, the first in North America, consisted of a cabinet minister and a couple of civil servants Now, it has a full time staff of 206 In three years its budget has almost doubled It is the Canada Council of French Canada It controls Quebec's $34 000-version of the governor general's literary awards (which total only $6,000) and it pays Quebec publishers to print books that will have little sale

THE CULTURAL IMPERIALISM OF FRENCH CANADA

No other aspect of government activity better illustrates the crusading spirit of the New Quebec. The aim of the extraterritorial branch is nothing less than the establishment of Quebec as the cultural fatherland of *all* French-speaking Canadians and Americans. When he created the department Premier Lesage said: "No one seriously imagines that French Canada ends at the territorial limits of Quebec province."

Cultural Affairs Minister Georges Lapalme doesn't stop at North America He says that Quebec must be ready to meet demands for assistance to French-speaking nations in Africa and other parts of the world

Guy Beaulne, the new theatre director, is typical of the men who are joining Lapalme's department There isn't much that he hasn't done in Quebec theatre He has acted produced directed, adjudicated, and written criticism He has produced the Plouffe family on television and Shakespeare for English language drama groups in Montreal

Beaulne's new assignment is to tell the government what kind of official support Quebec theatre needs "For a time, I'll be mainly father-confessor to the theatre groups,' he says 'I want to get a better idea of the structure of theatre in Quebec. We now have almost a dozen professional companies operating in Montreal Where do they all fit? What's responsible for the terrible state of English language theatre in Montreal? Should the province be thinking about a film industry? We're not trying to ram culture into the minds of the people But we can do a lot for theatre if we move sensibly'

BACK TO THE REAL LANGUAGE

The closest thing elsewhere to Quebec's cultural affairs department is the one in France, under Cultural Affairs Minister André Malraux. The French version came into being in 1959 Quebec created its department in 1961 and since then the budget has increased from $2 724 000 to more than $5 million This includes the department's Canada-Council-style grants to artists, writers, musicians and others, which have gone from $765,000 in 61 to $1,776 000 this year (The Canada Council this year is giving $2,720 000 in grants and awards to individuals and organizations)



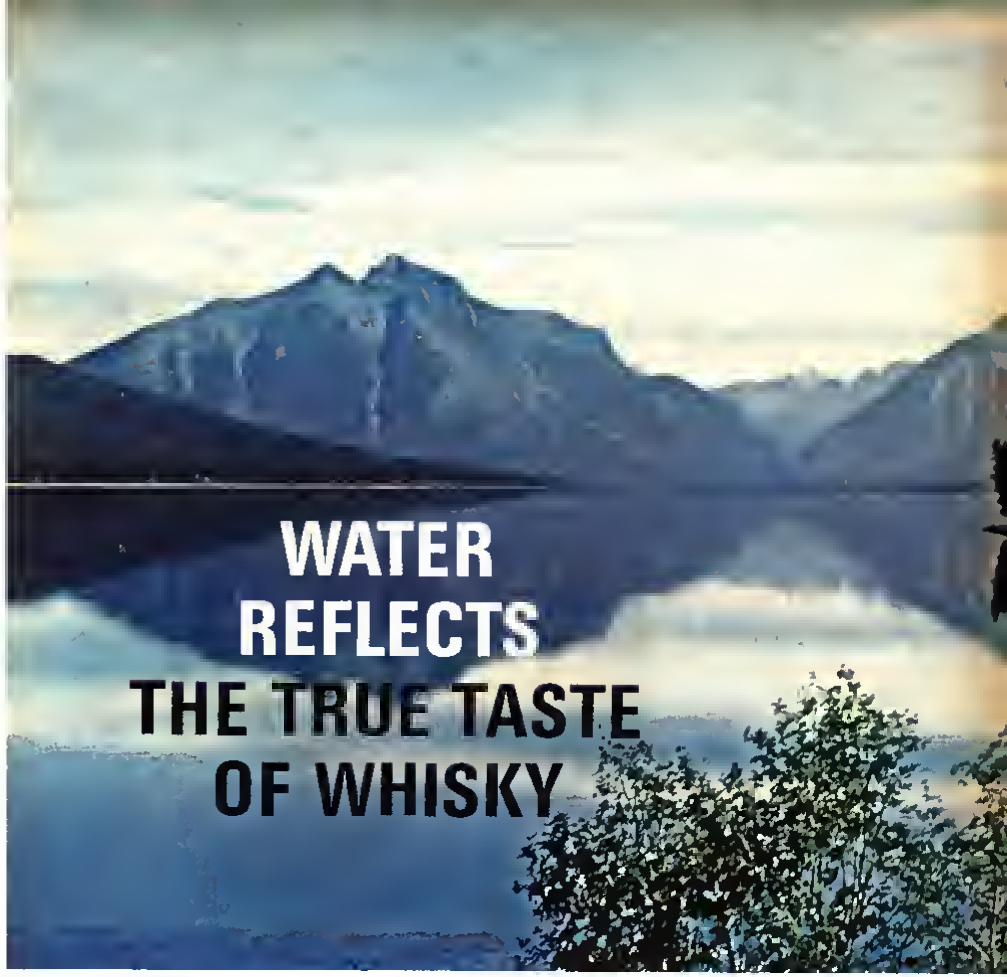
Culture minister G Lapalme, culture-mongering

The French-language bureau puts out a monthly bulletin called *Mieux Dire* aimed primarily at removing Anglicisms from the language In eighteen months, its circulation has jumped from 20 000 to 75 000 Issues of *Mieux Dire* have urged sportswriters to use *marqueur des points* rather than "*compiler un score*" and restaurant owners to replace their "*salle à diner*" signs with "*salle à manger*" (It was the linguistics bulletin, incidentally, that raised such a furore last year when it suggested that journalists covering the Quebec Legislature should substitute the word "state" for "province")

Just getting under way this month is the Extra Territorial French Canada Branch which is charged with fostering the spread of French culture beyond the borders of the province "Ambassadors" from the branch have already accepted invitations to visit French-speaking groups in the Maritimes the Prairies and the United States. After one mission, Lapalme visited the press gallery in Quebec City to report discoveries of isolated pockets of former French-Canadians far south of the American border In highly dramatic language, he described their desperate attempts to preserve their language and culture "By the end of his talk" one reporter says, "you felt like marching down to those people and rescuing them right away."

STATE CULTURE'S O.K., IF YOU LIKE THE STATE

"The important thing for these people is the realization that they are not forgotten" says Guy Fregault, the deputy-minister of the department. Fregault is the man who defined an extremely ticklish point for the department: the difference between encouraging and controlling cultural development. He admits that people have grounds for mistrusting government cultural activities "when the state is not really the exponent of their aspirations.' But there is no cause for alarm he says, when the state "is in intimate harmony with the population's sense of identity" Whether English-speaking Quebeckers were soothed by this assurance is debatable though certainly so far, English language cultural institutions have made no complaints about the grants handed out by the new department PETER DESBARATS



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